Vol. CXIV.—No. 1482 MAY 11, 1932 Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper

Gossip : Golf : Films : Fashions : Sport : Society

The BYSTANDER

1/-

INCONSPICUOUS TRUE-TO-TONE HEARING— YOURS AT LAST!

DEAF

The New Featherweight Button 'Ardente' is the smallest, simplest hearing method, entirely different and uncopyable—the ONLY one commended by every important British Medical Journal and "Truth," backed by the written guarantee of the world's greatest organisation for the deaf. A boon for slightly deaf or very deaf (head noises).

Ardente's Latest Achievement. Gold Medal Awarded

CALL FOR FREE TEST

or write for details and "MEDICAL REPORTS." Free Home Tests arranged.

Ardente

309, OXFORD ST., LONDON, W.1.
(Opp. D. H. EVANS), Mayfair 1380 1718.

NEWCASTLE
BIRMINGHAM
EDINBURGH
BELFAST
DUBLIN
LIVERPOOL
MANCHESTER
GLASGOW
HULL
EXETER
BRISTOL
CARDIFF

MAKE 1932 A HEARING YEAR

By Appointment to H.M. King George V.

CHAMPAGNE
Charles Heidsieck
REIMS
FINEST QUALITY EXTRA DRY

BOLLINGER'S CHAMPAGNE
Special Cuvée

By Appointment to H.M. KING GEORGE V.

TURNBERRY HOTEL
ON THE AYRSHIRE COAST

GOLF • TENNIS • SWIMMING

For tariff and reservations apply: Resident Manager, Turnberry Hotel, Ayrshire, Scotland. Express Services from London and the principal Provincial towns served by the L M S

OPEN ALL THE YEAR

Arthur Towle, Controller, L M S Hotel Services

COINTREAU
Extra Dry for England

THE DELICIOUS WHITE LIQUEUR IN THE SQUARE AMBER BOTTLE

Avoid Obesity and Constipation by drinking

"APENTA"
Natural Aperient Water
Regularly

TRADE MARK

The Apollinaris Co., Ltd., London, W.1.

The Lively Firth

There's no dropping off to sleep in the afternoons if you go to the Firth of Clyde for a holiday. There's too much to see, too much to do. The best pleasure steamers in the world come and go from the piers like omnibuses in the Strand and everybody takes the daily trips. Far up the lochs they go, always in smooth water, always in magnificent scenery, always amazingly cheap and efficient. In summer the whole Firth is alive with craft, yachts backing and filling, cruisers, liners, men-o'-war, herring boats and pleasure steamers coming and going in all directions. It's a sight worth seeing. It's regatta day every day on the Firth. A holiday on the Firth of Clyde is a real sea holiday for the sea is generally smooth and you spend your time as you should either in it or on it. Try a holiday on the Firth of Clyde this year. The service is faster and the journey a pleasure.

THE HOLIDAY HANDBOOK 6d.
With tariffs of hotels, boarding houses and apartments.

ON EITHER SIDE 3d. Depicting and describing features of interest to be seen from the train between King's Cross and Edinburgh, Glasgow, Fort William, Inverness and Aberdeen. From L·N·E·R Offices and Bookstalls.

FREE BOOK "SCOTLAND" from L·N·E·R Stations, Offices and Agencies or from Passenger Manager, L·N·E·R, Liverpool Street Station, E.C.2; York; or Waverley Station, Edinburgh, or Traffic Supt., L·N·E·R, Aberdeen.

KING'S CROSS FOR SCOTLAND

CUTICURA TALCUM

For Milady's Toilet

Just a shake or two of this fragrant, antiseptic powder gives that finishing touch to your toilet. Pure and delicately medicated, it absorbs excessive perspiration and cools the skin.

Talcum 1s. 3d. Sold at all chemists.
British Depot: F. Newbery & Sons, Ltd., 31, Banner St., London, E.C.1.

CONTINENTAL HOTELS—Continued.

MONACO (Principality).

Monte Carlo.—Hotels Bristol & Majestic.—Facing sea, near Casino, 200 rooms. Special low Winter Terms. Pension from Frs. 50.

Monte Carlo.—Gd. Hotel Terminus.—Opp. Casino. Gdns. & Beach, 1st cl., Pens. fr. Frs. 60, with bath Frs. 75, with suite Frs. 100.

Wiesbaden.—GERMANY.

Schwarzer Bock.—The best renowned hotel and bath house, Kochbrunnen. 280 beds. All comfort. Inclusive from Mk. 10.

Munich.—Pension Isabella, Tengstrasse 31.—First-class family house of distinction.

GUERNSEY.

Hotel de Normandie.—Beautifully situated in charming grounds, 2 mins. sea; full licence. Mr. and Mrs. Isler.

JERSEY.

Links Hotel.—Facing South on Royal Golf Course. Every luxury. Bathing, Tennis, Garden, Garage.

St. Helier.—Star Hotel.—An old English hotel. Electric light, with H. & C. rng. water all rooms. Apply for booklet.

St. Helier.—Hotel Fort d'Auvergne.—Unrivalled sit. fcg bathing pool. H. & C. running water. Moderate. P. Cabeldu.

SWITZERLAND.

Lausanne.—The Belvedere Hotel.—1st. cl. fam. hotel. Hot and cold running water. Priv. bathroom. Incl. terms, Fr. 13 to 18.

AMUSEMENTS

COLISEUM. (Charing Cross). (Phone: Temple Bar 3161.)
SIR OSWALD STOLL will shortly present ERIK CHARELL'S
"CASANOVA"
A MUSICAL PLAY OF ADVENTURE AND LOVE

HOTELS

Summer begins earlier here!
It is a definite fact noticed year after year by our regular visitors that the Royal Victoria is more sheltered and enjoys more sunlight than any other hotel on this sunny strip of Sussex coast. If you want a luxury service, with homely comfort—central and electric heating, famous chef, good English food, electric lift., etc., come to this hotel. From 4½ gns. weekly inclusive.

ROYAL VICTORIA HOTEL
ST. LEONARDS-ON-SEA
'Phone: HASTINGS 869

CONTINENTAL HOTELS

ST. CAST (Nr. Dinard)
HOTEL ROYAL BELLEVUE
Regular Motor-Bus Service with Dinard.
On the Beach. Modern Comfort.
125 Rooms :: 50 Baths :: 18-hole Golf
Tennis :: Fine Water-chute :: Dancing.
Terms: High Season from 13/-. Low Season from 10/-.

MONTE CARLO
THE
MIRABEAU
Sun Cure—Near the Beach.
Terms from Frs. 70
Unrivalled Situation — Facing Sea — Always Open.

Badgastein.—AUSTRIA.

Hotel "Der Kaiserhof."—Luxury and Refinement. Finest position. Latest improvements. Prices reduced.

BELGIUM.

Antwerp.—Century Hotel.—600 rooms with bath. Roof garden. Theatre. Rest. Dancing Chantilly. Telegrams: Centurotel.

Antwerp.—Grand Hotel de Londres.—Best position in town. Highest service at reasonable rates. Telegr.: Lonhotel, Anvers.

Bruges.—Hotel Verriest.—Situated in own large gardens. Every comfort. Numerous British references. Moderate rates.

Brussels.—Hotel de Bordeaux.—Moderate charges. First-class family hotel.

Brussels, Place Rogier.—Grand Hotel Albert Ier & Terminus-Nord.—1st Grade, Entirely New. Tel. Ad. Terminord, Bruxelles.

Heyst-sur-Mer.—Davico's Casino Hotel.—The best hotel facing the sea. Terms from 8s. a day inclusive.

Knocke-Zoute.—Palace Hotel.—On sea front. From 10/- day Tel. address: Palace, Knocke.

Spa.—Gd. Hotel Britannique.—The latest; All rooms with telephone, bath or running water. Tennis; garage; near Thermal Est.

Wenduyne-sur-Mer.—Hotel Pauwels & Regina.—The oldest established, with all comfort. Full board from Frs. 60.

FRANCE.

Amiens (Somme).—Grand Hotel & Restaurant Picardie.—Entirely new. First class. A model of comfort. A.A. R.A.C.

FRANCE—*continued*

Cannes.—Hotel des Anglais.—Highest-class res. hotel. Right up to date. Renowned cuisine & cellar. Phone ev. rm. V.lge. garden.

Chamonix, Mont Blanc.—Allobroges Hotel.—Family house with all comfort; quiet. Terms from 6s. May and June. Tennis.

Dinard (I. & V.)—Gallic Hotel.—The leading Hotel. All rooms with private bath and w.c. Fair bill.

Juan-les-Pins (A.M.)—"Le Provencal."—Europe's most distinguished hotel. Open all the sunny year round. Casino.

Le Touquet.—Golf Hotel.—Facing the links. 200 Bedrooms. 100 Bathrooms. Private Tennis and Squash Rackets.

Le Touquet—Hotel Regina.—In pine forest near Casino. 5 min. from sea and golf. Large park; 1st. class; moderate.

Marseilles.—Grand Hotel de Geneve. Restaurant overlooking Vieux Port. Moderate terms. Every comfort.

Nice.—Atlantic Hotel.—Newest first-class family Hotel of distinction. Greatest comfort at moderate terms. 200 rooms.

HOLLAND.

Amsterdam.—Amstel Hotel.—Unrivalled situation with every comfort. Rooms from 5 guilders per day.

PARIS.

Hotel Lutetia.—The best hotel on the left bank. Every possible comfort. Tea and Dinner Concerts.

Hotel St. Petersbourg.—33 35 Rue Caumartin. Brit. fam. Hotel. Every mod. com. Same hotel: Hotel des Balances, Lucerne.

The BYSTANDER

Claud Harris

ALANOVA

The famous Russian prima ballerina, whose dance recitals at the Savoy Theatre last week were a very big success. She is very popular in Society, where she is in great demand at dinners, parties and dances

"Net Sails"

The opening night at the redecorated Ciro's which has been made to resemble a French fishing village

Supper is Served

Miss Nell St. John Montague (left) and some of her party at supper, on the opening night at Ciro's last week. The group includes the Marchioness of Carisbrooke, Mrs. Arthur Wood, Mr. Evans, and Mr. C. B. Poultney

Watching the Dancing

Miss Anne Mucklestone, the Earl of Westmorland and, with her back to the camera, Miss Preston, seen at the supper table

On With the Dance

A general view of the dance floor showing the striking new decorations which are modelled on those of the famous Boite aux Matelots restaurant in Paris

Right: Miss Janet Megrew, the actress, and Mr. Carl Hyson, of dancing fame, appear to find the dance floor very much to their liking at Ciro's

"Oh, Listen to the Band!"

Lady Scarsdale and Capt. Percy Lawson-Johnston lend an ear to the musical efforts of Bert Firmlin's Matelots Band whilst dancing

Photos by Sasha

The Passing Hour

"The Bystander" holds up the mirror to the Gay World

Happy Though Married!

Capt. Richard Wyndham, the artist, and his wife, who claim to have solved the secret of married happiness. During the week, the former lives at his studio in Kensington, and Mrs. Wyndham occupies her house in Chelsea. Every week-end they both stay at their Sussex cottage, Pickeridge Hill, Uckfield, where the above photograph was taken

A Novel Fashion Note

Above: Mrs. Spencer Watson and her daughter in the striking costumes they wore when they visited the Royal Academy on Private View day

THE cherry blossom is out in St. James's Square. The hubbub over the Royal Academy has already died down. The spring cleaners and their ladders have disappeared. The first débutante dance has been given. Douglas Byng has returned. Ciro's has re-opened. Chaperones are reminding themselves of their yawns in 1931. The Season has started, to-night (Wednesday) will see the First Court, and all's well with the world—except the weather.

WHERE shall we begin the chronicles of the week? Well, there was the dance of which Lady Dulverton and Mrs. Osbert Vesey were joint hostesses. It was one of those hotel affairs, with dinner-parties given for it by the mothers of other débutantes—Lady Listowel, who has yet another girl coming out this year, and Lady Mildred Fitz-Gerald, among them. Miss Ann Vesey was the central figure of the dance, and is unusual for having gone to Italy instead of France to be finished. But then, she is musical.

India Speaks . . .

Right: Miss Frances Doble, the actress, who, in private life, is Lady Lindsay-Hogg, listening to Capt. "Jumbo" Jolliffe, who recently returned from India, retailing big-game stories. They are seen at a party at the Hungaria

THE more hard-boiled section of society that evening went to hear Douglas Byng on his return to the Monseigneur. Artistically, he kept them all waiting half an hour for his appearance. Then he came down an imitation gang-plank and indulged in a patter about whoopee and gin and his other experiences in the United States, with a verve which would make a gangster blush.

THE same evening Ciro's re-opened as the Bôite aux Matelots. It kept its old name, but that was about all. Umberto, the maître d'hôtel, has gone. John reigns in his stead. There is a new chef by the name of Paul. The old grill-room has been turned into a very smart restaurant

Society Mannequins Who Showed Paris Fashions at a London Party

Three of the Society women who acted as mannequins at the parade of the latest French fashions, held at the Duke of Westminster's house last week. They are Mrs. Ronald Balfour, Countess de la Falaise, and Miss Bunting Stephenson

Lady Pamela Smith in the beach dress she wore at the mannequin parade of Paris fashions given at the Duke of Westminster's house

Supper-Time

Four of the many well-known people who attended the Miss Enid Stamp-Taylor is seen seated on the knee of being Miss Iris Ashley and Lieut.-Colonel H. C. S. Combe.

in olive-green and orange. The restaurant has been turned into a dance and supper room, with fish-nets and life-belts, and an Atmosphere.

THERE are French girls who dance the Can-Can, and waiters dressed as seamen. There is a tango band from the Bal Musette. But, above all, there is Phares, the singer from the Boule Noire. He has character, temperament, and a jersey. He whistles through a megaphone, and sometimes sings songs which would make even Douglas Byng blush if he understood them. For Phares does not speak a word of English.

ON the first evening there was Lord Westmorland, pink and cheerful; Lord Scarsdale, dark and ruminative; Lady Carisbrooke and Miss St. John Montagu; Lady Eleanor Smith and Lady Lindsay-Hogg. The last-named has been staying in the Northamptonshire home of her sister, Mrs. Sacheverell Sitwell, and had something to say about her brother-in-law, whose handwriting she recognised in that good old house-party game of "Marking."

EVERYONE was supposed to mark up everybody else for intelligence, sex-appeal, loyalty, virtue, and so on. Lady Lindsay-Hogg observed that Mr. Sitwell gave himself ten out of ten for intelligence, though he only allowed her one for that and four for loyalty. In return he was awarded ten for virtue by everybody else, and, being by nature a little paradoxical, professed to be aggrieved by this.

A Hunting Wedding

Mr. M. A. Bucknall and Miss Violet Boles leaving the church, St. Mary's, Bishop's Lydeard, near Taunton, after their wedding. The bride's father, Sir Dennis Boles, is the Master of the West Somerset Foxhounds

LADY ELEANOR SMITH had only been to tea on this occasion, and so did not take part in the game. She says that she has a new historical novel coming out this summer. It is to be called "Ballerina," and is all about the Second Empire, on which subject she has become, by research, very conversant.

WHICH reminds me that at the moment of writing, nobody seems to have discovered that Barbara Rich, who wrote *No Decency Left*, is not a girl at all. "She" is the author of a famous war-book who has now launched out into fiction for the first time. Can you guess who he is?

A NEW orchestra at the Embassy, and the resumption of dancing at the Carlton, with a gala night to signalise it, were other events of the week. People were still talking there about Lady Bridget Poulett's deliberate close-up in the news-reel, showing the arrival of the guests at the midnight showing of *Lily Christine*. Miss Whigham also courted a return to the limelight by appearing with Lord Warwick. The news-reel was indeed quite the best part of the evening.

ONE of the events of the near future is this floating dance-restaurant which Clifford Whitley is preparing for us. He has got a

Sasha at Ciro's

reopening of the newly decorated Ciro's last week. her husband, Mr. Sydney Colton, the other two The fishing village decorations were voted effective

At the United Hunts Meeting at Lingfield

Miss Joan Nevill, Miss Rosemary Nevill, and Lady Hardinge find much to be cheerful about at the recent United Hunts meeting, which drew a big crowd to Lingfield despite cold and unfavourable weather

Two more racegoers who attended the United Hunts Meeting recently. Mrs. Anthony Jenkinson and Mrs. Philip Kindersley caught by the camera on their way to the paddock

vessel of some kind which will sail up and down the Thames along the Embankment. A drink licence will, however, still be required, as even at sea you cannot get a drink until the vessel is some miles from England's shores. There is also some talk of turning Clarence Hatry's house, swimming bath and all, into a rendezvous for "hig-lif." London in these days is certainly going gay.

ALREADY Whitsun is here, and Le Touquet beckons. Hotels are reopening there like parasols. Both golf courses are now in good condition. We have been patriotic for so long that one may expect a distinct exodus to the neighbourhood of Boulogne. Personally, I have almost forgotten what neuf à la banque means. But not quite. Ciro's keeps your French from going rusty. They have two notices there on the doors leading into the restaurant. One says: "N'employez pas l'eau que pour laver les dents." The other reads: "Si votre poule ne plait pas, amenez-en une autre." And that might mean two quite different things.

IF the Conservatives of Marylebone do not weaken, they are going to start feeling sorry for their new member. When Captain Cunningham-Reid took his place in the House of Commons, the Government benches remained deadly silent. There were a few ribald remarks from the thin ranks of the Opposition. But that was all. Not a single member greeted him on his arrival. Well, well!

At Burlington House

Three visitors to the Private View of this year's exhibition at the Royal Academy arriving at Burlington House. They are Mr. and Miss Paravicini and Lady Georgina Curzon

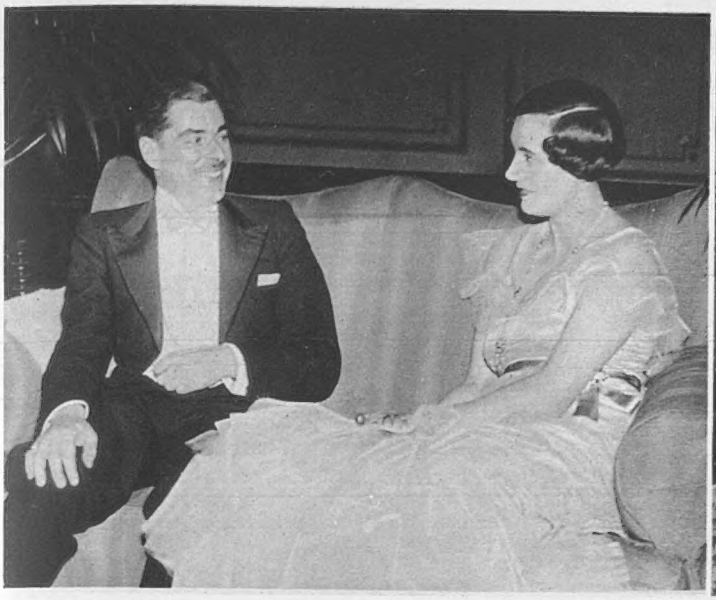
MR. RAMSAY MACDONALD has been very unlucky over his eyes. The worst of it is that when one goes wrong, the other is likely to be affected also. There is no question of his temporary retirement being diplomatic. It has been forced upon him. In the meantime, it is possible that Mr. Baldwin will figure in the New Year honours. Politicians who suddenly take an interest in their family pedigrees often get that way, I notice.

IF I was asked to say which was the smartest golf club near London to-day, I should point to Addington without hesitation. It is impossible to go down there at the week-end without seeing scores of well-knowns. If it is not Lord Ashfield, it is Lord Lurgan, and the chances are that Sir Matthew Wilson will be playing conscientiously in front of you. A few days ago, Tom Webster took a house on the edge of the eighteenth of the New Course, and so may possibly draw a few cartoons for the club-house.

Elwin Neame

MISS SHELAGH MORRISON-BELL

One of the attractive débutantes who will be presented at Court this year. She is the elder daughter of Sir Clive and Lady Morrison-Bell, who are very keen on yachting and spend much time in the Isle of Wight



Mr. R. Rodney and the Duchess of Westminster enjoying a rest between dances. Lady Newborough received the guests

The Welsh Dragon Ball at the Grosvenor Hotel, Chester

Lady Ursula Filmer-Sankey and Mr. Max Barthrop, who were among the many well-known people present at the Ball, which was a great success

Those "Bandits"

Left: "The Bandits," the ladies' dance band which has been proving so successful at Grosvenor House. Seen from left to right are Miss Doria Stanhope, the niece of Lord Chesterfield, Miss Rhona Rabbidge, the Middlesex golf champion, and the Misses Sheila and Dodo Annesley, the nieces of Lady Bertha Dawkins

COLONEL PARKINSON was there last week. He used to run the Grafton Galleries in the days of Paul Whiteman. That was before the Sergeant Goddard enquiry, and he has a number of amusing stories to tell on the subject. Rex Hartley was there too, but I forgot to ask him why he and his brother had not played in the English Close Championship at Sandwich. The only man picked for the Walker Cup team who played there was last year's champion, Mr. L. G. Crawley. But I must not encroach on the space of Mr. Gerard Fairlie.

ONE of the most interesting visitors to London this week is Mrs. Ted Lewis. No, she is no relation of the prize-fighter. On the contrary, she is none other than Elizabeth Arden. It makes one wonder how many of her clients who owe her so much know that there is an actual Elizabeth Arden, and that this is her real name. Unfortunately, she caught a cold on her arrival from America, and was confined to her bed during the early part of last week.

I SEE that the thirteen Americans who are being presented at the First Court, and the eight who make their curtsey at the Second, will all be presented by Mme. de Fleuriau, the wife of the French Ambassador, in view of the fact that Mr. Mellon is a widower. One of those who will be presented will be Mrs. Cortland Parker, the wife of the Military Attaché, and the niece by marriage of the late Senator Wayne Parker. Let us hope that Mr. Walter Prendergast has persuaded them all to curtsey properly by now.

CONSOLATION?

THE Pessimist, the Grouser,
And the Grumbler all agree
That England, poor old England,
Isn't what she used to be.
They raise their doleful voices
In a chorus and deplore
The total change so bad and strange
That followed on the War.

They draw the longest faces
As they gloomily declare
No signs of pre-War England
Are apparent anywhere,
And sing in mournful numbers
Of the days they used to know
Ere change had brought us all to naught
And laid old England low.

But they are wrong in saying
Change on every hand is seen—
Why, the Academy's as dull
As ever it has been!
And England's wondrous weather
Does not change in any way,
Since hail and sleet turned up to greet
The Merry Month of May.

B. W.

An Official Hostess

Mrs. David Bruce, who has now arrived at the American Embassy to act as the official hostess there for her father, Mr. Andrew Mellon, the Ambassador. She has the reputation of being one of the best-dressed women in America

The Quest for the Gold Vase

Our Special Artist, H. H. Harris, Records Impressions at Woking

Above: Brigadier-General Critchley and Lieutenant-Colonel Moore-Brabazon trying to find out which way the wind blows

Above: Sir Harold Gillies' dog wept copiously every time his master missed putts. "What is it Master misses so?"

Above: The winner on the left, the runner-up on the right. As will be observed, Rex Hartley's hair and Raymond Oppenheimer's plus-fours are both being worn much longer this month

Right: Roger Wethered, and caddie, had a very thin time in the rough at the eighth hole

Left: Reggie Straker was in "great" form and was almost in the running until he came to that trying tenth hole

Above: Billy Wells got a nasty hook into a tree at the tenth hole

The "Golf Illustrated" Gold Vase Competition

By F. G. L. Fairlie

A. S. Bradshaw (left), the runner-up, and Eric Fiddian, the winner of the English Amateur Championship at St. George's, Sandwich. The latter won with the last putt on the 36th green

After the Victory

JUST a week ago the *Golf Illustrated* Gold Vase was competed for on the course of the Woking Golf Club.

Woking has for many years been a very great golf course, but, except by members who play in the Woking medals, it is not realised how very difficult the course can be from the back tees, and with rather an awkward wind. Both these circumstances were, of course, fully in evidence on Wednesday of last week, because it is very seldom that an important competition is ever played for on a day which flatters those who are competing. It came as a revelation to me, merely a casual visitor to Woking, that the course, which on normal days, and from the ordinary tees, certainly cannot be described as being on the long side, was playing just about six strokes more difficult than I had anticipated that it would.

IN the first place, tees, which I didn't know existed, were in use, and I am bound to admit—although no advocate of length merely for length's sake—that they improved the holes. In the second place, the Woking greens, whilst always perfectly fair, were very difficult; but this, I think, was largely due to the fact that most of the competitors found it almost impossible to lay their approaches sufficiently near the hole to ensure the regulation couple of putts. It must be made clear at once, after these remarks, that the course was playing excellently and fairly, and that any who suffered, from what they might have described later in the club-house as a miscarriage of justice, almost certainly really suffered from a lack of skill.

THE *Golf Illustrated* Gold Vase is a competition which ranks second only in importance to the St. George's Grand Champion Challenge Cup. It is played on exactly the same lines—thirty-six holes of stroke play—and it invariably attracts a field representative of the best talent which amateurs can produce.

The Competition was started in 1909, when Cecil Hutchison was successful at Mid-Surrey with the very excellent score of 146 for the thirty-six holes. Since then many famous players have achieved the Gold Cup which *Golf Illustrated* presented. Among them it is only necessary to mention Abe Mitchell (since one of our leading lights as a professional); Robert Harris; Harold Hilton; Mark Seymour (also turned professional since 1921 when he was successful); Cyril Tolley; Roger Wethered; John Beck, and the evergreen Californian, Douglas Grant. Of these names, that of Harris has undoubtedly been the most disturbing influence in the office of *Golf Illustrated*. The Vase, which really is a gold one, as befits its name, can be won outright by a competitor who achieves the phenomenal success of winning it on three successive occasions. Robert Harris was successful in 1911 and 1912, and *Golf Illustrated* suddenly realised, when 1913 came along, that Harris, who was playing extremely well at the time, might very easily remove the Vase from public competition. The situation of the paper was even more serious when it is realised that no insurance policy had been taken out against such a possibility—a serious matter in view of the amount which could be raised by means of the Gold Vase against an overdraft.

Abe Mitchell came to the rescue, however, by defeating Robert Harris at Walton Heath, if only by one stroke, and since then no competitor has dared to win this trophy twice in succession. This has not prevented *Golf Illustrated*, however, from insuring against such a possibility occurring in the future. Once bitten, twice shy, is the journal's motto!

THIS year Rex Hartley provided a success which is most encouraging to those who have the cause of Great Britain against America at heart. His score of 147 was excellent in view of the conditions. His 75 in the morning was actually no worse than his 72 in the afternoon, except that he slipped various putts, which he might well have holed in the morning, and wisely decided against such a procedure in the afternoon. R. H. Oppenheimer was second, with a score of 150, which represented very sound golf. Four competitors tied for third place. In view of the strength of the field, three of these were rather unexpected: D. B. Anderson, C. J. Anderson, and H. V. Longhurst. The fourth, however, has done well in this competition before—should, in fact, have won it when it took place at Northwood in 1928. This was J. S. F. Morrison, and his total score of 152 represents golf a great deal better than his actual figures. Once only did Morrison have any luck during the two rounds, and I was in a better position to tell than anybody else since I marked his card. This was at the eighth hole in the morning when he narrowly avoided no less than three bunkers with a half-hit brassie shot and gallantly, if somewhat fortuitously, obtained his four. Apart from this, however, nothing went right.

Lord Charles Hope playing in the Inter-Club Foursomes Competition at Sunningdale for the Bath Cup. He turned out for Buck's Club

FINALLY, I very much regret to have to record an incident which should never have occurred on such an occasion. A past winner of this Competition and the Amateur Championship, walked on to the fourteenth green—which is just by the club-house—and proceeded to practise putting at a time when John Beck was about to approach the hole. Though a golfer of Beck's experience should not allow himself to be disturbed by such a delay, the action of the culprit was both selfish and stupid, and although I would certainly be the last to accuse him of having done it in any way on purpose, I think that John Beck's chance of winning, which at the time was extremely rosy, was ruined by his action.

Left: Miss Gertrude Lawrence, Mr. Jack Dare, and those famous theatrical sisters, Zena and Phyllis Dare

The Byng Boy's Return

Welcoming that clever entertainer, Douglas Byng, on his return to Cabaret at the Monseigneur Restaurant

Above are seen the Ruthven Twins, the Hon. Mrs. John Barran and the Hon. Mrs. Peter Llewellyn Davies, with Capt. Arthur Hope, M.P.

Left: Miss Daphne King, the Hon. Byron Cary and Miss Joseph, seen at the supper table

Mr. Douglas Byng being congratulated by friends after his highly successful effort to add to the gaiety of nations with his new songs

Supper-time at the Monseigneur. Seen above are Miss Jeanne Stourton and Mr. Jocelyn Beauchamp

Photos by Sasha

Hors d'Oeuvres: *By "Caviare"*

THIS seems to be a sensational—or should I say controversial?—year for engagements. First we had the excitement of the Warwick—Whigham alliance—which is still inclined to resurrect itself at odd moments—and now the Wellesley—Mollison! Hints and contradictions, semi-announcements, paternal denials—what a fuss! I hope Miss Olive Plunkett gets settled quietly to Lord Milton; she was previously engaged for a short time to Lord Brougham and Vaux.

A CERTAIN titled Member of Parliament has found very high society a trifle tiring, and has returned to more normal acquaintances.

CAPTAIN JUMBO JOLIFFE has a distinct personality. He has had a remarkable career in many walks of life, and is now a director of two large companies. He is very kind-hearted and generous, but he is also a shrewd judge of character. He has just returned from India, where he was staying with the Maharaja of Rajpipla, and where he got the usual bag of big game.

ALL women seem to be enthusiastic about Miss Silva de Oliveira, but then, she is very sweet. Miss Betty Baldwin has a great many women friends, and so has Miss Enid Raphael. Mrs. Anderson has a mass of invitations to hen-parties, and so has cheery Miss Dodo West.

HOW I love a low forehead! Corinne Griffith has one which is my especial envy. So has Miss Joan Buckmaster. Miss Margaret Whigham is lucky enough to be able to wear her hair straight back from her forehead, without that surprised expression which many people get from that somewhat trying fashion.

WHAT a very beautiful profile Mrs. James Hennessy has, and also a charming manner which seems to be a mixture of shyness and dignity. I think, on the whole, that the impression one makes is more important than stereotyped good looks. Lady Linlithgow is one of the nicest persons to meet, and so is the new Lady Hyde.

"PEOPLE in glass houses . . ." several of us muttered as a young woman insisted on criticising the morals of a darling person we all know and sympathise with. The aforesaid young woman will have to watch her step—revenge is sworn against her.

THE Countess de Bosdari is so smart and so very attractive when she pleases. Bohemian in some of her tastes, she is distinctly a character—almost from one of Michael Arlen's novels—who, by the way, is over here being more Mayfair and more amusing than ever. I adore his wife—she is the nicest person ever.

THE Ruthven twins are no longer alike! I retract my paragraph of the other day; even a one-eyed rabbit could now tell them apart. Mrs. Barran has gone wind-swept and golden-streaked; while her twin is still very dark, with Pola Negri side-pieces. Having become an institution, and almost an adjective, it is sad that we can no longer say: "Do a Ruthven——"

A LITTLE fair lady with long, long, too-good-to-be-true eyelashes is having the gayest time with a very rich man, a sporting, good-looking Earl, and . . . no, I'll spare her.

Tickets to View

Miss Diane Chamberlain, the daughter of Sir Austen and Lady Chamberlain (left), and Lady Mount Temple, who were among the many well-knowns who visited the Royal Academy on Private View day

I WENT to a private dance! Oh, my goodness, debs., do put some pep into yourselves! How you expect any man even to dance with you when you look so dumpy, so shiny, so red-armed—and your hair!! Must débutantes abhor the hairdresser? Perhaps it is considered fast to be waved—like having a bath nude used to be in France. Mothers may not like publicity, but give me the sub-debs. like Smith and Ward, or the ex-debs. like Whigham and Poulett, every time.

To Meet the Pictures

Lady Diana Gibb, the youngest sister of the Earl of Lovelace, and Lady Delamer, arriving at Burlington House for the Private View

IS it because he is a premier baronet, or does Lady Dashwood insist that Sir John must always wear white kid gloves at parties? He was the only man with them on the other night. Lady Dashwood always wears gloves herself; perhaps she is like June, who confesses to the gloves and shoes complex—an expensive hobby.

I NOTICED two lots of very great friends close together at a restaurant the other night—Lady Carisbrooke with Miss Nell St. John Montague, the famous clairvoyant, and Lady Lindsay-Hogg with Lady Eleanor Smith; the latter couple are quite inseparable. Lady Lindsay-Hogg has little mannerisms which make her seem foreign when she is talking. Incidentally, I think she has one of the most perfect sets of teeth I have ever seen.

TALKING of mannerisms, it's a pity that a certain gentleman whose ladder is made of gold—and more gold—can't drop a few lady-killer tricks.

MY prize this week goes to Mr. Emerson Bainbridge, who was an excellent host at the Anonymous Party. He has a delightful, cheery smile, and is liked by everybody.

The New Plays: Cabins and Cabinets

"Wings Over Europe" at the Globe; "Pleasure Cruise" at the Apollo

"Wings Over Europe"

THE scene—throughout—is the Council Chamber at 10, Downing Street. Bookshelves, messengers, mahogany table and chairs, as Mr. Drage would say, *en suite*. Breakfast over, two titled neurologists report to the Prime Minister that his nephew, whom they have carefully examined, is not mad. This question of sanity affects not only "His Majesty's Ministers in Council assembled," but the whole of the terrestrial globe. In a few moments young Francis Lightfoot, winner of the Nobel Prize at twenty-five, ranked on a par with Einstein, is to announce to the Cabinet his epochal discovery. He has split the atom and made himself master of the universe. By merely pressing a button, he can turn the mahogany table into rubber, or he can turn it into gold. He can convert earth into heaven and men into gods—a new race of lotus-eaters nurtured on synthetic loti, finding an alternative to work in the poetry of Shelley and the works of the more lyrical scientists.

THE reaction of His Majesty's Ministers to this fairy story can be imagined. The Minister of War is sceptical but cannot resist the vision of pulverising the rival armies of Europe. The sporting Lord Privy Seal (Lord Lonsdale will be flattered and amused by the button-hole and cigar) wants the proposition reduced to terms of Form at a Glance. The mephistophelian Lord Chancellor is cold as an iceberg. That good churchman, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, is in a hurry to get on with his Budget. The bluff and breezy Home Secretary is not alone in regarding the young scientist as a lunatic at large. Only three of the Ministers grasp the colossal significance of the discovery—the benign Premier, the Foreign Secretary, who looks like a Frenchman, talks like a poet, and knows his science, and the First Commissioner of Works.

THE inventor puts his case badly. He is a tactless and conceited young man who ran away from his public school before that institution had a chance of rubbing down the rough corners. At first he launches forth into a sea of scientific jargon. But, obviously, this Cabinet is Jeans-proof. It does not read the breakfast-table articles of leading scientists in the popular press.

By the second act the politicians are wisely agreed that the young genius is a menace; that his discovery is anathema; and that his plan of a Universal Brotherhood will produce not Heaven, but Hell. The Lord Chancellor would have him incarcerated for life as a dangerous maniac; the War Minister would shoot him at dawn or any time convenient for the world's happiness. Very patiently persuasion precedes threats. Two passers-by are brought in and asked to choose between Shelley and Co. and their present existence. The first is a class-conscious sewer-cleaner who sticks to his sewers, plumps for work and worry, waves aside poetry and politics, and only unbends over a handshake with the sporting peer. One touch of racing makes the whole world kin, and Lightfoot, who knows neither Hurst Park nor Humanity, is temporarily abashed. The second witness is a young Foreign Office clerk who, for personal reasons of the heart, defines the two greatest things on earth as "Love and Anglo-American relations."

THE third act, like the second, loosens its grip on a situation which, at the start, is terrifically absorbing. So vast is the vista of the atom-tamed era that Robert Nichols and Maurice Browne cannot be blamed for finding the joint rôle of Atlas a tough proposition. When Lightfoot reappears for the last time, having spent the night in contemplation of the stars, he decides to give earth its chance of future evolution and blow it to glory. The explosion, he announces, will occur at noon—almost immediately. The immensity of the theme of total extinction is too much for the authors. They leave the earth to take care of its last moments and make hay with the Cabinet. Already a collection of caricatures, the majority of these over-wrought gentlemen lose their heads, tempers, manners, and morale. One prays, another has hysterics. They snarl and push like angry schoolboys. All of which is highly dramatic and exciting, but obstinately unreal, though what any Government would do in such circumstances, it would be rash to prophesy. In the end the scientist is shot dead by the War Minister and laid out on the table. No one worries unduly, for a fleet of aeroplanes bearing atomic bombs and an ultimatum from all the scientists of the world gathered at Ragusa (they, too, have conquered the atom) zoom overhead. Whereupon the Foreign Secretary makes a dash for Ragusa, bearing with him the dead man's secret—an infernal machine no bigger than a match-box.

The cast—like the evening—is both long and strong. H. R. Hignett's gentle Premier, Melville Cooper's sporting peer, D. A. Clark-Smith's saturnine Lord Chancellor, Edward Irwin's blunt Home Secretary, and Felix Aylmer's suave and superior Foreign Office manner are admirably done. Francis James, as the ill-fated scientist, reaches the high spots a fraction too soon. But he displays real depth, sensibility, and feeling. This play provokes thought and discussion—two excellent reasons for seeing it.

"Pleasure Cruise"

MEN are all alike—or aren't they? Lavinia, after two years of matrimony, isn't sure. She will take a holiday, leaving her flippant, dilettante Andrew to the housekeeping and his memoirs, and find out. How can a girl make up her mind about love, and sex, and things which secretaries to Big Bosses in the City ought to know, if she has had no experience before marriage or after? Andrew, at forty or thereabouts, is proud of his past. To that golden era of conquest belongs Judy, most candid of friends and discreetest of old flames. Lavinia, seeing the two together, registers neither perception nor jealousy—which is ominous. A sign, in fact, that Andrew, who loafs around with cookery books and a typewriter while she earns good pocket-money, is a back number.

Lavinia, professing a sudden enthusiasm for Oslo's open-air museum and Stockholm's town hall, departs alone on a pleasure cruise to the Baltic. But not before the guide-books, the plan of "B" deck, and all the talk about an independent girl's right to experience, added to Judy's call to action, have had their effect. There awakes in Andrew the spirit of the cave-man defending his own. He too embarks at Tilbury.

The excellent situation develops of a husband, disguised as a steward, checkmating his wife's flirtation with a flabby young adept in dalliance afloat. Lavinia, expecting a 2 a.m. visit from her lover, receives unawares in her cabin an understudy whose claims no moralist can gainsay. Next morning the locked-out defaulter apologises for failing to keep an appointment of which the deceived is not without recollection. If it wasn't he, who was it? Are *all* men alike?

Even when the local colour (including a not too thrilling sing-song in the purser's room) and the final explanations are over, Lavinia is no wiser. Here is a sparkling light comedy, skilfully revolving round delicate ground, and capitally acted. Mr. Austen Allen's maiden voyage should prove a lengthy affair. Owen Nares has never played with a drier wit and a lighter touch; Marda Vanne, stylish and faultless as ever, gives every line twice its worth; Madeleine Carroll has enough looks for two Lavinias; Frank Pettingell's amiable Purser and Reginald Gardiner's blasé bounder are first-class; and Jean Cadell cleverly transports a comic deck-widow from the good ship Farce. Great fun. Book your cabins now.

TRINCULO.

A (Cigarette) Case of Honour Satisfied

Andrew Poole (Owen Nares) satisfies his wife, Lavinia (Madeleine Carroll), by the production of her cigarette case, that he was the visitor to her cabin in the dead of night

"Pleasure Cruise"

at the Apollo

A Very Rough Night at Sea

Below: Mrs. Signus (Jean Cadell) does a little vamping at the expense of Mr. Crum (Frank Pettingell), purser of the S.S. "Nebula," who doubts if the boat is making a pleasure cruise

A Study in Dignity

Once more Reginald Gardiner in the part of Richard Hemming appears as one of those very superior persons

A Close Shave

Owen Nares looks equally well with or without, a moustache

Easy Acting in an Easy Chair

Judy Mills (Marda Vanne) sat through her part in her usual light and airy manner

"KEN'S" Impressions of Characters Afloat and Ashore

Howard Marshall on Cricket

'Varsity Prospects for the Season

WHEN I say that I am still gloating over Oxford's superb victory last summer, it will be obvious that I write with a certain amount of bias about 'Varsity cricket. Reprehensible, perhaps, but there it is—murder will out, and, anyway, it was a glorious game. It was a surprising game, too, for you will remember that A. Ratcliffe, brought into the Cambridge team at the last moment, played a great innings of 201, and that the Nawab of Pataudi replied for Oxford by scoring 238 not out. What is more, Oxford had to field for the whole of Monday, and then, with the formidable total of 385 against them, they made 453 runs themselves, and followed this up by rattling out Cambridge in the second innings for 122. This left them with 55 to make, which they did easily, and it was a glorious victory indeed.

With due respect to Ratcliffe and also the Nawab, it seemed to me that the innings of the match was played by H. G. Owen-Smith, whose 78, scored when four good wickets were down for 185, really turned the tide in Oxford's favour.

FORTUNATELY for Oxford, he will be in residence again this summer, and with his spin bowling and his work at cover-point in addition to his batting, he will be invaluable. A. Melville, who captains Oxford, is in some ways the same type of player. His batting is not so impudently aggressive, but it is admirably easy and effective, and he also is a spin bowler and a fine field.

The Oxford fielding, by the way, should be first-rate, with Melville and Owen-Smith to set the pace, and T. M. Hart, whose energy is good to see, and F. G. H. Chalk, who gathers the ball and returns it from the deep in the Bradman manner.

Then there is B. W. Hone, a carpet-bag catcher in the deep, and a solid opening batsman. Hone came over from Australia with a considerable reputation last year; He is obviously a class batsman, and this summer he should get plenty of runs. W. O'B. Lindsay opens the innings with him, and is also a useful wicket-keeper, though P. C. Oldfield, who would have kept last season but for a broken finger, may come into the side.

UNHAPPILY for Oxford, the Nawab will not be available, but there are some likely seniors in residence. E. N. Evans, a left-handed batsman, will surely be tried, and another left-hander is N. McCaskie, who has played for Middlesex. There are, in fact, any number of good batsmen, but not so many bowlers.

CAMBRIDGE naturally will miss G. D. Kemp-Welch, an admirable captain and a most successful opening batsman, but A. G. Hazlerigg should lead the side ably enough. F. R. Brown has also gone down, and that is a heavy blow, for neither University has a spin bowler of his quality. Still, A. Ratcliffe will be up again, and he must be brimful of confidence, and I have an idea that D. R. Wilcox may really justify the expectations he aroused by his batting when he was at Dulwich. D. M. Parry, too, is a promising batsman, and so is J. G. W. Davies, who only missed his place in the side last season through illness. As usual, there are crowds of likely seniors and Freshmen, and I think A. W. Allen, who reached his hundred before the luncheon interval for Eton against Harrow last summer, is certain of a trial. So is A. W. G. Hadingham, of St. Paul's, a batsman above the ordinary schoolboy standard.

HAZLERIGG, like Melville, may have some difficulty with his bowling. He will have to do a good bit himself, but really dangerous fast stuff is scarce, as it is at Oxford. Possibly R. C. Rought-Rought may be brought back into the side. Then there is A. G. Pelham, who has played for Sussex, and J. W. T. Grimshaw, a slow left-hander of some merit.

Taken on the whole, Cambridge have reason to be optimistic, though I sincerely hope, and in fact believe, that their optimism will prove to be ill-founded.

India in Action

The All-India team played the first match of their tour against Mr. T. Gilbert Scott's side at Pelsham, Peasmarsh, in Sussex. Seyd Wazir Ali, who scored 21, is seen putting one away through the slips off F. R. Brown

Hobbs the Master

Jack Hobbs, wearing a mourning band in memory of Lockwood, the famous old cricketer, who died recently, going out to bat for Surrey against Worcester. He showed true Hobbs form by making 84 runs before being out l.b.w.

Bachelors All

Notable Young Men for whom Wedding Bells Have Not Rung Out—As Yet

The Hon. William Brownlow

Above: The only son of Lord Lurgan, one of our young men to whom matrimony appears to appeal in vain

Lord Herbert

An all-round sportsman, he is the eldest son of the Earl and Countess of Pembroke

Viscount Knebworth

Left: The elder son of the Earl and Countess of Lytton. One of the most promising of our young politicians, he is the Member for the Hitchin Division of Hertfordshire

Photographs by Hay Wrightson

Two Young Bachelors

They are the Hon. Quintin Hogg, elder son of Viscount Hailsham (left), and Lord Forester, of Corstorphine, eldest son of the Earl and Countess of Verulam

Mr. Brian Lewis

Right: The well-known racing motorist. He is the only son of Sir Frederick Lewis, Bart., and Lady Lewis

Bassano
Miss Anita Leslie

Hay Wrightson
Miss Alison Campbell

Bassano
Miss Elizabeth Brodrick

Making their Curtseys

Tunbridge
Miss Elizabeth Clifton Brown

Bertram Park
Left:
Miss Valerie Lynch

Bassano
Miss Winifred Paget

Miss Anita Leslie is the only daughter of Mr. Shane Leslie, the well-known novelist, and a kinswoman of Mr. Winston Churchill. When only thirteen she saved her grandfather, Sir John Leslie, from drowning when his boat capsized on the lake at Glaslough, Co. Monaghan. Miss Alison Campbell, the youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Nigel Campbell, had a dance given in honour of her coming-out last month. Miss Elizabeth Brodrick, another of this year's débutantes, is the daughter of the Hon. Arthur and Mrs. Brodrick and a niece of Lord Midleton. Miss Elizabeth Clifton Brown is the daughter of Brig.-General and Mrs. H. C. Clifton Brown, her father sitting for Newbury in the House. Miss Valerie Lynch, who is the only child of Colonel and Mrs. David Lynch, is a god-daughter of the Crown Princess of Sweden; and Miss Winifred Paget, for whom her mother, Mrs. J. B. Paget, is giving a dance next month, is helping Lady Northcote in connection with the Red Cross Ball which takes place to-night, May 11, at the Dorchester

ENGAGED

A Sextet of Brides-to-be

Lenare

Miss Vivien St. George

Who is marrying Mr. A. F. Stanley-Clarke, 14/20 Hussars, at St. Mary Abbot's, Kensington, on June 7

Left—

Miss Jean Longsdon

Youngest daughter of Mrs. W. Singer and the late Mr. A. A. Longsdon, who is engaged to Mr. Frederick F. G. Hennessy, second son of Major Sir George Hennessy, Bt., and Lady Hennessy

Bertram Park

Lenare

Miss Jacqueline Mayer

The daughter of Mrs. William Murray, of Sand Hill, Winslow, Bucks, and Mr. E. J. Mayer, whose engagement has been announced to Mr. A. S. Lockwood, Irish Guards, only son of Mr. and Mrs. S. S. Lockwood, of Normanby Hill, Sinnington, Yorks

Left, centre—

The Hon. Eileen Hood

The only daughter of Viscountess Bridport and the sister of the present Viscount. Her engagement to Mr. Geoffrey Davis has been announced

Vaughan and Freeman

Lenare

Miss Gwynne Lawrence

Only daughter of Mr. H. Gwynne Lawrence, whose engagement is announced to Lieut.-Colonel William S. Pilcher, D.S.O., Grenadier Guards, son of the late Mr. and Mrs. H. D. Pilcher

Right—

Miss Margaret Dixson

Who has become engaged to Mr. Percy Guy Illingworth, second son of the late the Rt. Hon. P. H. Illingworth and Mrs. Illingworth. Miss Dixson is the younger daughter of the late Capt. T. S. Dixson, and of Mrs. Hargreaves

Lenare

THE WORLD

"Cavalcade" and America—
Jack Hulbert's Busy Day
—An Anglo-German Entente
—Stars from the Stores

That Eternal Triangle

Clive Wilson (Leslie Perrins) as the poor but ardent lover of Diana, (Marjorie Hume) learns that she is going to marry the wealthy John Armytage (Stewart Rome), in a scene from "Betrayal." This new British Universal production is based on Hubert Griffith's play, "Crime of Passion." Mr. Griffith is the well-known dramatic critic

Oriental

Edward G. Robinson, whose rise to film stardom wa Cæsar," and Loretta Young in a scene from "Honourable had its British premier

I HEARD a story lately that made me feel a little sad. The Fox Film Company have bought the film-rights of *Cavalcade*. That makes me sad to begin with, because although they will probably make a very fine film of it, it does seem that this grand subject, at any rate, cannot be produced outside this country without a feeling of something akin to sacrilege. But the thing that really made me sad was this: The Fox people naturally want to make the picture right. It is too big a thing to play the fool with. And so they have sent Frank Borzage, the brilliant young man who is to direct it (you will remember he made *Seventh Heaven* and many other really fine films, including *Bad Girl*) over here to spy out the land.

Now, apparently, Mr. Borzage believes in playing safe in this case—and I don't blame him—and so he arranged to have a special performance of the play given so that he can photograph it scene by scene, and have a real copy-book version to model his picture on. I am wondering what I would feel like, were I an artist appearing in the production, if I were asked to do this. I rather fancy that I should feel that there was no real reason why I should make a present to an American company of my interpretation of my rôle and of my voice free gratis and for nothing. And I rather fancy I should take the view that if they wanted it, they could damn well pay for it. This may be a selfish and mercenary view but I don't think it unreasonable. But we're a long-suffering nation, and so I suppose the Fox folk will get all they want

And then, again, perhaps it isn't the Fox people who want it, after all. Maybe it is Noel himself who wants it done so as to make sure that they get the thing right. Certain it is, at any rate, that it will help a great deal towards that end. But it does seem to raise a big issue from the actor's point of view if any management is to be free to sell the film rights of a London success to an American company for a great deal of money, and then calmly tell the artists who are appearing in it to go and act it right through nicely for the American gentlemen, so that they can have a pattern to copy their acting from.

JACK HULBERT must be among the most serious-minded people in the whole of the picture business. A good many of our would-be stars are perfectly content to draw their money and forget all about their work once they leave the Studio at night. But Jack, who is a real star in his own right on both stage and screen, is more serious than that. When he finishes his day's work, he will go up to a certain rehearsal room and practise dancing steps until late in the night. And then he will permit himself the relaxation of a little quiet supper somewhere after which back to bed and up early and back to work again. Everybody at the Gainsborough Studio (where he is busy at work on *Love on Wheels*, a successor to *Sunshine Susie*) is amazed at the energy and keenness of Mr. Hulbert, because he never "lets up" for a single moment.

ERIC POMMER, the greatest impresario of the film business, has been over here conferring with the Gaumont British Corporation, and I understand that the upshot may be a big interchange of artists with Germany, and a consequent added International flavour to our pictures. The last production which Pommer sponsored was *Congress Dances*. He has such a string of brilliant successes to his credit that any sort of a tie-up with him, if indeed there be

of the FILM

A Weekly Commentary on Films of the Hour and the Folk who make for their success

By Wilfred James

Love

signalised by his fine performance in "Little Mr. Wong." This First National talkie at the Plaza last month

any truth in the rumour, must be a very big move in the right direction. And if it leads to the loan of such artists as Jack Hulbert, Gordon Harker, Edmund Gwenn, and others to German production, and the exchange of German artists of corresponding merit for our own pictures, it must assure the product of each country a ready market in the other.

I HOPE the stunt being run by one of our big national newspapers at the moment about a search for British Garbos and Shearers in our big London stores and tea-shops is not going to be taken too much to heart by the odd millions of screen-struck

Love is—Deaf

George Arliss as the famous pianist in the Warner Brothers talkie, "The Silent Voice," who is suddenly rendered stone deaf as the result of an explosion, and Betty Davis as the young girl who is prepared to sacrifice true happiness by marrying him. When first shown over here simultaneously at the Regal and the London Pavilion, this somewhat gloomy film proved that there is a demand for really good "weepies"

young women throughout the land. It is probable that Miss Blank, who has suddenly found herself heralded as a possible film type, had no such ideas in her head before, and it is probable, too, that if she had any idea whatsoever of the hard work and heartbreak involved in a screen career, she would infinitely rather continue to serve cups of tea, and so preserve both her security and her freedom. If not, then there is just one way for her to break into pictures and that is by throwing up her job, registering for crowd work, and plodding solidly along with that until she *may* one of these days catch the eye of the Producer and be given a small part.

I HEARD great accounts of Heather Thatcher's first Hollywood talkie—Ivor Novello's *The Truth Game*, in which she appears with Robert Montgomery. Heather always stuck out a mile as a good bet for pictures, and her performance in her last British film, *A Warm Corner*, was just about as good as could be. But, personally, I see her not in farce, but in sophisticated comedy—as our own Lilyan Tashman, shall we say. I wonder if she'll get offers when she returns to our shores?

SINCE writing these notes I see that the daily newspaper to which I have referred has succeeded in finding its British Garbo, and that the young lady in question, a Lyons' Nippy, has been signed up to do a film at a salary of £25 per week. The gentleman who has done the signing is Mr. M. A. Weatherall, to whom the paper refers as "the famous film producer." As the last film which Mr. Weatherall (surely one of the nicest people in the picture business, by the way) produced was, I believe, a silent version of *Livingstone* some years ago, I think he would probably be the last person to claim any particular fame in this direction under the present changed conditions. Lyons are keeping Nippy Garbo's job open for her—which, under the circumstances, seems to me to be a pretty good idea.

Our Own Film Stars

No. 2. JOAN BARRY.

J. Jevons

HER performance in "The Outsider" made Joan Barry a star. Edmund Goulding, the famous Hollywood director, on his recent visit here, said that of all the possibles he had seen in this country, Joan Barry stuck out a mile as the one with real star possibilities.

Her capacity for real emotional acting has been apt to be overlooked because of the fluffy quality of her beauty. Now that she is being cast for better parts, one can only hope that she will soon be given the opportunity of proving what she really can do. She has an offer from Hollywood and will probably go there.

Next Week—MOLLY LAMONT

Women Authors at Home

Five Notable Writers caught by the Camera at Work and at Rest

The Hon. Betty Askwith

Left: The Hon. Betty Askwith, the only daughter of Lord and Lady Askwith, whose first novel she has written without the collaboration of the Hon. Theodora Benson was published last month. Entitled "If This Be Error," it deals with life as it was lived in the 'Sixties

Miss Alice Buchan

Above: Miss Alice Buchan is the daughter of the noted historian and novelist, Colonel John Buchan, M.P. She is at work on a historical romance dealing with Elizabeth of Bohemia

Right: Miss Inez Holden, one of the most daring of our successful young writers, ready to entertain friends after a spell of hard work. Her novel, "Born Old, Died Young," is doing remarkably well

Miss Inez Holden

Lady Flavia Giffard

Left: Lady Flavia Giffard, the twenty-two years old daughter of the Earl and Countess of Halsbury, at work on her second novel. She is a great-niece of Mrs. Elinor Glyn, the famous novelist

Right: The Hon. Theodora Benson, the younger daughter of Lord and Lady Charnwood, who has several very successful novels to her credit. She is seen in her work-den, which was formerly the school-room

The Hon. Theodora Benson

If Gossip We Must . . .

Russia's Champions—Michael Arlen and Harry Tate—At Burlington House—Clubs and the Depression

IT is not difficult to see through the violent anti-Japanese propaganda which, for the moment, is obsessing our "Lefts," from the May Day Communist rioters to the mild but verbose Radicalism of Mr. A. G. Gardiner. As a background to the opening frivolities of the London season, this is not without interest and is worth watching. In its essence it is not so much anti-Japan as pro-Russia.

Granted that the Japanese have been doing a bit of sabre-rattling and have settled themselves in certain parts of China where they "didn't oughter," the concern of cranks, who are interested in every country but their own and countries in friendly relation with it, is not for China itself but for Russia. It is Russia, we are told, that is likely to be offended if Johnny Chinaman is blown sky-high. It is Russia, according even to Mr. Gardiner, certainly no Communist, who is the peaceful, magnanimous country which does not desire war at all but whose long-suffering patience must not be tried overmuch if we would avoid considerable trouble.

THE Soviet has exploited China, while she has attempted (and is still attempting) to nobble for Bolshevism, to the utmost, and is a far greater source of danger to China's nationalism than ever Japan can be. But Japan has been an ally of Britain and a staunch one, and is, moreover, an Imperialist country which has no use for the "dictatorship of the Proletariat." Russia, on the other hand, by reason of the Revolution, prolonged the war at the cost of many British lives, owes us millions of pounds which she never intends to repay, and, while a source of danger to the whole of civilisation, concentrates her distilled hatred on this country in particular. It is, therefore, Russia which must be kow-towed to and placated, while Japan must be insulted.

But that was ever the way with our little Socialists, whether they be of the palest pink shade or of the most flaming red colour.

AT the same time, the League of Nations, in the matter of the China trouble, which has nicely flared up again, has behaved with ludicrous inefficiency. Mr. Neville Chamberlain can give us nothing off the Income-Tax and the beer-tax is unabated. Yet we have to pay over half-a-million pounds annually to keep the silly League going, far more, of course, than any other member of it. In fact, without British money, the whole thing would collapse.

Seeing that the League of Nations does nothing in particular, and does it extraordinarily badly, the sooner we allow this to happen and save money—which we cannot afford—the better.

Below: Molly Lamont and Gene Gerrard singing a tuneful duet entitled "All or Nothing," in the new B.I.P. talkie, "Lucky Girl." Production has been in full swing at the studios in Elstree during the last month

"We have a Song to Sing-o"

Walter Bird

Helen Spencer

who plays the part of the Hon. Agatha Runcible in the stage version of Evelyn Waugh's book, "Vile Bodies," now running at the Vaudeville. Athole Stewart, who is in the cast, produced the play

Capstack, Blackpool

Muriel George

As she appears as the remarkably cheerful widow of a plumber in the new talkie, "His Lordship," produced by Jerry Jackson and directed by Michael Powell. She and her husband, Ernest Butcher, are great favourites on the halls, their character duets being very popular

"Begorrah! The Baggara!"

Brit. International

Jean Cadell, Dorothy Bartlam, Kathleen O'Regan, and Jack Raine, as stranded tourists, see the approach of hostile Baggara tribesmen in a scene from "Fires of Fate." This B.I.P. production was filmed in the Sudan

THE most interesting part of the Michael Arlen film *première*, from the social point of view, was the aftermath, in which Harry Tate figured prominently. I can imagine no two celebrities in sharper contrast than Michael Arlen—the novelist of Mayfair, and something of an exquisite—and Harry Tate, the bluff comedian, who is the very spirit of the old music halls. Yet the two are friends, and I remember, before Arlen had the international fame he now enjoys (which has not in the least spoiled him), driving with him to some outlying variety theatre in a most unfashionable neighbourhood, and spending the evening in Harry Tate's dressing-room.

Janet Jevons

A Family Affair

Bernard Nedell and his wife, Olive Blakeney, with their little daughter, Betty. They are both playing leading parts in "See Naples and Die," which is a very big success at the Little Theatre

AFTER the glittering doings at the Plaza, a move was made to St. James's Palace, whither a select few had been bidden by the Prince of Wales. Harry Tate was among those who received an invitation, and he kept the Prince and Prince George amused for a long time with his stories and his quaint and characteristic sayings; for Harry is a philosopher as well as a comedian. He recalled how, on one occasion, having given his "Motoring" sketch at a charity matinée, he was received by Queen Alexandra, who was in the audience. He bowed low to her Majesty—and removed his moustache! "I felt I had to take off something," he explained later, "and I hadn't got a hat. I only hope to goodness they didn't think I was trying to be funny!"

WHAT I ventured last week to foretell would happen in the matter of the Royal Academy pictures has duly happened. A chorus from the more popular sections of the Press has declared, as usual, that it is a "dead" exhibition, a collection of appalling daubs, and of no merit whatsoever. That is largely, of course, because it is described not by people with any qualifications as art-critics, but by smart-Alec reporters who have been told to get a "story." And an account which pours contumely in facetious vein is more effective from the journalistic point of view—and a damned sight easier.

Tunbridge

Sarah Sample

Who is playing in "Faces," at the Comedy Theatre. Her hat is reminiscent of those gents' straw boaters which, in the dear dead pre-war days, were wont to make their reappearance at this time of the year

RICHARD SICKERT, a brilliant artist who knows how many beans make five, even if he chooses not to know that the number of fingers on one hand is four, has given his much-discussed "The Raising of Lazarus," to be sold for the

benefit of Sadler's Wells. The picture seems to be a joke and not a particularly decorative one at that. But all 's well that helps to stave off the end of " the Wells." It is noteworthy, however, that with few exceptions, the only pictures at Burlington House which have come in for enthusiastic commendation have been the oddities. Mr. Glyn Philpot has been very odd and has reaped his due reward.

BUT some of the conventional stuff is certainly rather ghastly, and if the panels for the Bank of England have been guyed as well as skied, they have asked for it. And I fear that the two pictures of the King would have been left in the obscurity they deserve had it not been for the august subject. But David Jaggers's portrait of the Queen is good, and so is that of the little Princess Elizabeth by the gentleman who owes so much to Lawrence. James Gunn's " Conversation Piece "—Maurice Baring (not on this occasion balancing a champagne glass on his head), G. K. Chesterton, and Hilaire Belloc—has fully earned all its eulogies.

IN these days when many old-established clubs are feeling the draught and even closing up altogether (another one faded away a fortnight ago), it is good to find the Savage, although hoary with tradition, continuing vigorous and even blossoming annually into a Ladies' Dinner. Since wives are supposed to hate the clubs of their husbands, particularly if they be Bohemian clubs, a pleasant and convivial truce had obviously been arranged, for plenty of wives turned up—and did not turn up their noses.

The guest of the evening was to have been Dame Laura Knight, but as she was ill her place was taken by Mrs. Dod Procter, who is a fine painter, if modest as an orator. Mr. Norman O'Neill preserved, as the chairman, the air of a picturesque archbishop unbending for the occasion.

By Chicot

" I 'm sorry, Janet, but I 'm not quite myself to-night."

" Splendid ! Then we ought to have an amusing evening for once ! "

THE opera season has started with a swing and looks like being a big success. Wagner will always draw the crowds to Covent Garden, whatever the Italians fail to do, when he is done well. Sir Thomas Beecham received an enthusiastic welcome from the orchestra when he started rehearsals, although he is a martinet in the matter of the " deputy system."

Rochelle Hudson

Above : A fascinating young American actress who recently transferred her allegiance from the Theatre to the Screen. She is one of the new stars to work for RKO—Radio Pictures

Right : Letizia (Haidee Wright), Napoleon's mother, attempts to comfort her son before his return to Elba, in a scene from John Drinkwater's adaptation of Mussolini's drama, " Napoleon." It is housed at the New Theatre

Mother Plays a " Nap " Hand Sasha

Private View Day at the Royal Academy

Far Left: Mr. and Mrs. Oswald Lewis arriving at Burlington House. Mr. Lewis represents Colchester in Parliament

Near Left: Mr. Richard Sickert, A.R.A., whose "Raising of Lazarus" is generally regarded as the picture of the year. Next to him is the well-known actress Miss Gwen ffrangçon-Davies

My Weekly Thought

Those English Cooks

By NORMAN THWAITES

At a club which considers itself not only exclusive in the matter of membership, but unique in the quality of its cuisine, the conversation turned the other day to the subject of British cooking. Without a dissentient voice, all agreed that the English cook was an abomination before the Lord and superior to all others as a food destroyer.

I had ventured to remark that I did not know a single club in London that could offer its members a decent cup of coffee, and that only at expensive restaurants or establishments employing foreign chefs could one be sure of getting it. I instanced more than one patriotic club that uses coffee from Kenya Colony; but, while I use nothing else, with satisfactory results, the club cooks assault one's palate with a strong and bitter beverage. As for railway trains and restaurants, I have always felt confident that the nauseating dish-water served as coffee has been made without any assistance from the fragrant bean, and one wonders what ingredient is actually used to produce so revolting a flavour.

It was at this point that a Colonial administrator joined in the conversation with the opinion that the Empire had been built up by men indifferent to well-cooked food; that, as a race, we were brought up in Spartan fashion, which accounted for British willingness to go forth and face hardships abroad and endure bad cooking at home. If of the well-to-do class, a boy is sent at a tender age to a private school, where he is given wholesome but ill-cooked food so strictly rationed that the tuck-box and tuck-shop become the most important things in life. Transference to a public school does not much improve matters, for all too often a House-master is faced with the problem of accumulating a nest-egg for his old age during the ten to fifteen years between his appointment in the forties and his retirement in the early sixties. Hence economy, skimping, and most indifferent cooks. Only a few schools have adopted the wise plan of purchasing supplies on a community scale. In most establishments each House does its own catering, instead of buying in bulk for the whole school or college.

At the University the same conditions prevail. Battles in certain colleges are costly and ill-cooked, with the result that men dine out of Hall as often as regulations permit.

And yet we have in England the best raw material for cooks. I defy anyone to find better chicken than in Kent, but every traveller to the Continent is aware of the difference between the roast chicken at Dover and the *poulet rôti* at Calais!

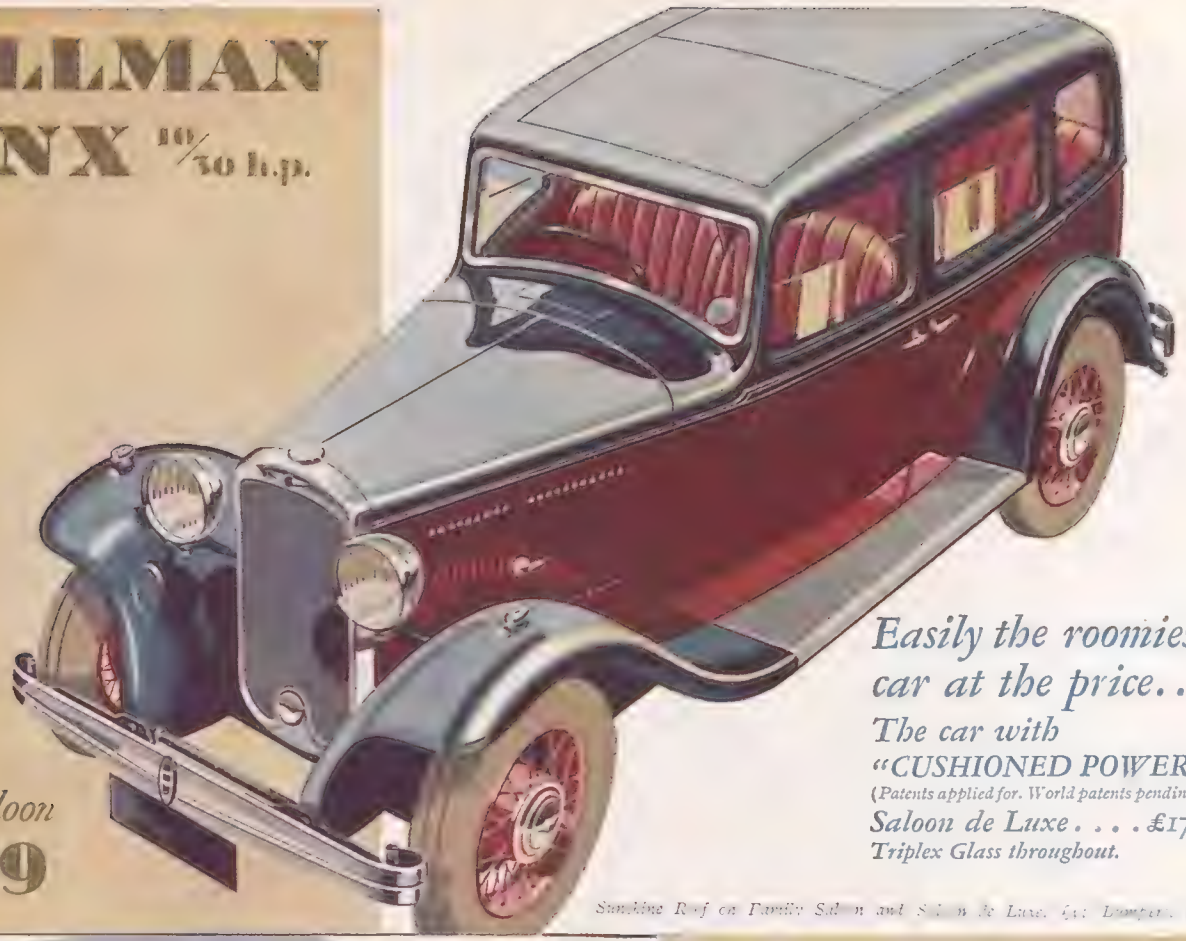
Quite recently I went on a tour of exploration through the lovely Surrey countryside via Guildford to Newlands Corner, and thence to the valleys lying southward. At 4.30 we began to look for a place for tea. Having lunched early, we proposed to have what is called a "meat tea," and at the very least "an egg to our tea."

We passed several "pubs," which, of course, were tightly closed, and at length found an establishment calling itself an hotel. No tea was ready, nor was there any desire to serve us.

A charming garden with cherry trees in full bloom beneath a kindly sun invited to an alfresco meal. We were informed there were no tables in the garden and none available. We took food indoors. The tea was good and excellent home-made plum jam was palatable, but the slab of cold meat slapped on the dingy table-cloth, the harsh and unappetising bread and butter, would have made the average Frenchman cry out loud or curse! And, of course, he could not have had a glass of wine to make glad his heart!

Left: Lady Anne Wellesley, the only daughter of the Marquess and Marchioness of Douro, and her grandmother, the Dowager Lady Glentanar, arriving for the Private View

HILLMAN MINX 10/30 h.p.

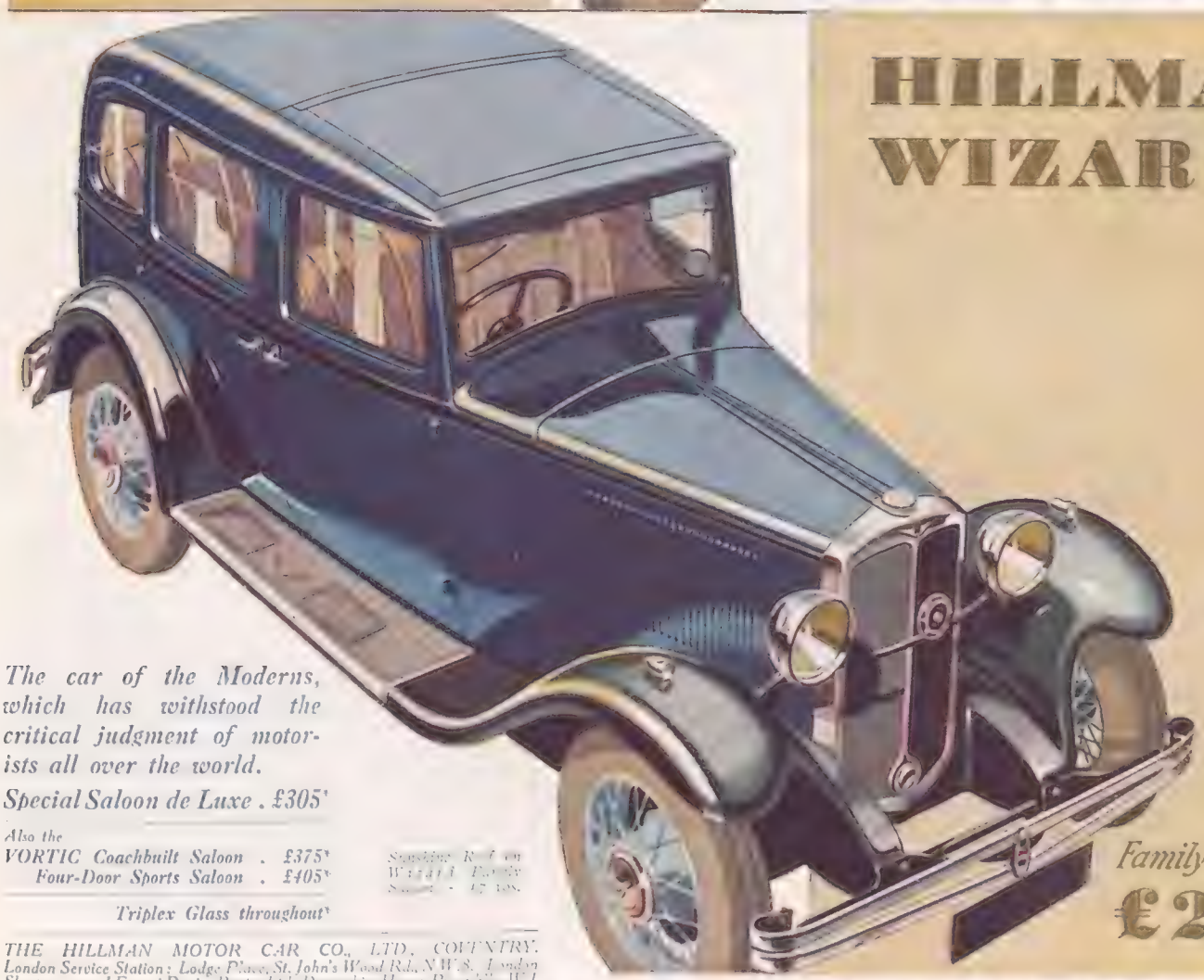


Family Saloon
£159

Easily the roomiest car at the price...
The car with "CUSHIONED POWER"
(Patents applied for. World patents pending.)
Saloon de Luxe £175
Triplex Glass throughout.

Sunshine Roof on Family Saloon and Saloon de Luxe. £4; Lumpers, £2 1[illegible]

HILLMAN WIZARD



The car of the Moderns, which has withstood the critical judgment of motorists all over the world.

*Special Saloon de Luxe . £305**

Also the
*VORTIC Coachbuilt Saloon . £375**
*Four-Door Sports Saloon . £405**

*Triplex Glass throughout**

Sunshine Roof on Wizard Family Saloon - £7 10s.

Family Saloon
£270

THE HILLMAN MOTOR CAR CO., LTD., COVENTRY.
London Service Station: Lodge Place, St. John's Wood Rd., N.W.8. London Showrooms and Export Dept.: Rootes Ltd., Devonshire House, Piccadilly, W.1

Every Hillman Owner should read "Modern Motoring" Price 4d monthly through any newsagent 6/6 per annum post free

THE TI

BY WEBSTER MURRAY

TIFF

STYLE 8701—Light and flexible Summer, Golf or Walking shoe. In nigger suede calf, white nubuck, tan willow calf and fawn suede calf.
Priced at 25/- pair

STYLE 1647—Specially light Sports shoe with flexible rubber sole in tan willow calf with white calf, tan willow calf with smoke elk, black calf with white calf.
Priced at 21/- pair.

STYLE 8181—Hazel glacé kid Court shoe with beige suede apron, medium Louis heel. Also in dark tan glacé kid with brown suede, green calf with green suede, black matt kid with black suede, blue kid with blue suede.
Priced at 22/6 pair.

STYLE 8801—Derby Walking shoe in tan willow calf, with white buck insertion and high Cuban heel. Also in tan willow calf with nigger suede, black matt kid with black suede, tan willow calf with fawn suede.
Priced at 25/- pair.

STYLE 8800—Tan willow calf instep tie shoe, with smart medium Cuban heel. Also in Java glacé kid and brown suede calf.
Priced at 25/- pair.

STYLE 1618—Ideal Summer Sports unlined Ghillie shoe, very flexible and light with soft toe for comfort and special dormy rubber sole, in all smoke elk, white elk, bulrush elk and green elk.
Priced at 22/6 pair.

STYLE 8709—Tan glace kid open waist ankle bar shoe with *extra* high Louis heel. Also made in light beige glacé kid and tan glacé back and nigger suede front
Priced at 25/- pair.

You will find a DOLCIS SHOE SALON almost anywhere in London—Piccadilly Circus, Bond Street, Oxford Street, Victoria, Strand, etc. Also Glasgow, Manchester, Birmingham, Leeds, and all large towns and cities throughout the kingdom. Orders by post should be addressed to Headquarters, Dolcis Shoe Company, Dolcis House, Great Dover Street, London, S.E. 1.

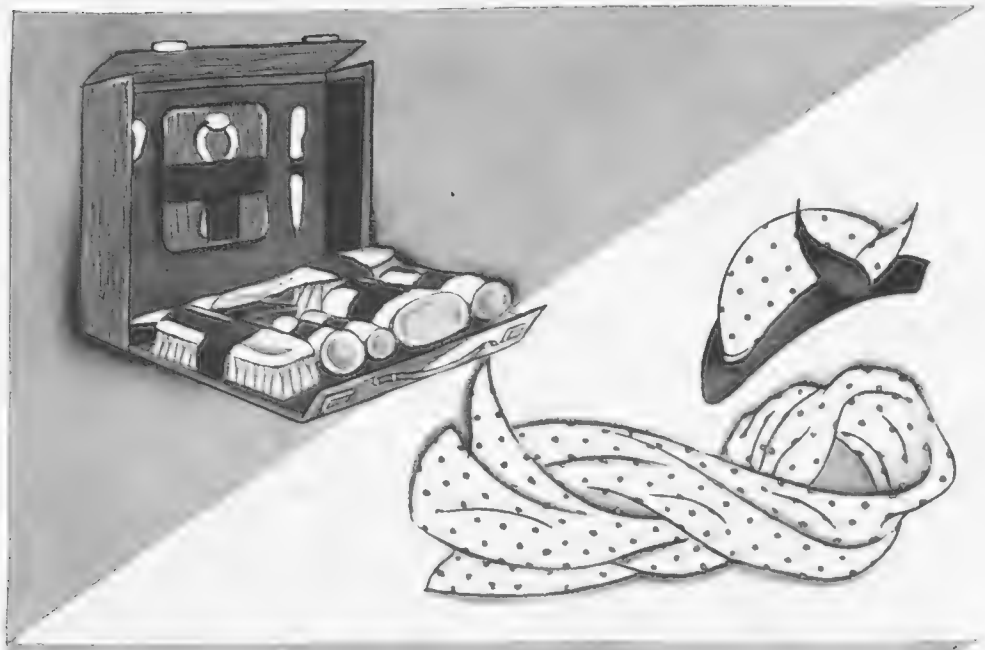
A PORTFOLIO OF FASHION

Compiled Weekly for "The Bystander" by Madge Garland

Yevonde

THE perfect garden party dress for the perfect day is worn by Mrs. Vyvyan Drury, who looks exquisitely beautiful in this picturesque costume. It is made of white marquisette and has a tight-fitting bodice and tiny sleeves adorned with numerous bands of narrow white faille ribbon. This Lelong model and the wide brimmed hat of natural colour straw come from Albert and Johnson

Alternative Suggestions for



AN excellent toilet case for the week-end visit is made by Mappin and Webb and takes up surprisingly little room. ● A hat and scarf, which would look equally well with a light summer suit or a heavy coat, comes from Scott's and is made of black straw and green and white spotted crêpe-de-Chine

FOR bad weather or a really serious walk nothing could be more practical or more comfortable than the low-heeled, crêpe rubber soled shoes sketched on the left. They have a useful ankle strap. ● These and the smart white and tan court shoes, designed to wear with summer frocks, are both Dolcis models

IN case it is cold a long-sleeved woollen jumper is essential, but there is no hardship involved if it is a Matita model made of dark and light green and cream wool knitted into broad bands. ● For hot and sunny days a sleeveless shirt of woven cotton from Richard Sands is very smart and practical and excellent for tennis

a Wet or Fine Week-end

THE importance of shoulders is stressed in this smart white piqué coat and skirt, which is a Maggy Rouff model and comes from Marshall and Snelgrove. Lines of stitching accentuate the horizontal cut of the shoulder yoke and the inset skirt panel. The buttons are placed high up and the coat is closely fitted in order to give a high-waisted effect. ● For cold and windy days nothing could be more practical than the top coat sketched on the left, which comes from Studd and Millington and is made of grey and blue-ribbed tweed finished with several rows of stitching. Note the capacious pockets and the wide revers. The skirt is slightly flared and there is an open flap at the back in order to allow complete freedom for walking

Puff Sleeves: or The Perversity of Fashion

The breeze of fashion blows out our sleeves, but denies us those curves and bustles which in other days accompanied such phenomena

AT intervals of varying length throughout the history of feminine fashion sleeves have taken it upon themselves to swell out to alarming proportions and to become extremely important. The wish to improve upon the female form is a deeply rooted desire, and, with the exception of a brief interval of lucidity during the early part of the nineteenth century, it is not since the days of the classics that women have been allowed to show their form as it is, and not as some designer of clothes thinks it should be. The main object of most designers is to add curves where curves are not, and the recent revival of elaborate sleeves is one of many attempts to give shapeliness to the (apparently) too angular female structure. In an age when the majority of women are either as thin as skeletons or are attempting to become such, one would think that an ideal of voluminous proportions would be unpopular, and that the attempt to blow out the sleeve and so add yet another curve would only occur when fashion favoured buxom and rounded shapes and the super-feminine woman was the ideal of the moment. Not so. At a period in our history when, to say nothing of more serious conquests, women first mounted the bicycle and, metaphorically, rode away from masculine domination, sleeves, unromantically termed leg-o'-mutton, were an essential part of the costume of the most emancipated and masculine woman; and now, when fashion has determined that every curve of our bodies shall be eliminated, from sheer perversity it has given to our sleeves just that rounded shapeliness which is denied to our figures. M. G.

Black and white striped jumper with long sleeves which are detachable. From Jaegers

Knitted pull-over in dark brown, orange and lemon colour wool. A Matita model from Debenhams

Top. A white velvet coatee has a ruched frill of the material and short puff sleeves. Peter Robinson

Centre. A red and white spot silk blouse accompanies this midnight blue suit from Gooch's

Right. This chiffon afternoon gown is patterned in yellow, green and brown and comes from Corot

Classical Simplicity

A white evening gown in the new heavy-weight crêpe

THIS lovely gown by Schiaparelli follows new and unusual lines and its cross-over draperies are reminiscent of classical sculpture. The new material of which it is made is deeply crinkled and rather heavy and its curious texture is sufficiently interesting to permit the absence of any ornamentation

Mauray

The VERDICT

By John Gurney

Illustrated by VAN ABBEY

A RUSTLE, rather like the sound of a sudden breath of wind over a ripening cornfield, swept the crowded court as the Attorney-General resumed his seat. It was a sound of excitement, but there was relief in it, too. For nearly two hours the slight girl in the box had withstood the cross-examination of Sir Nicholas Redfern, polite, courteous, even considerate, but relentless alike in the quiet severity of his tone and the searching penetration of his questions. Nobody could deny that the great advocate was fair; but still less could it be ignored that he was a deadly prosecutor. Cross-examination by him was an ordeal for the strongest man; how much more so for the slip of a girl fighting, against terrible odds, for her life. She had escaped, if not altogether unscathed, at least undefeated, and the crowd, vehemently against her at the beginning of the trial, was now almost violently partisan in her favour. Almost they cheered, and the usher, vigilant in his office, cleared his throat for the cry he found no need to utter. "Old Guntrey," up on the bench, pursed his thin lips and frowned nervously. Even he felt, and resented, the almost fierce revulsion of feeling in the court. Vereker-Bowen's fault, of course. The judge hated him, with his theatrical tricks, his gift of passionate speech, his amazing sense of the value of appearance, and all the tricks of the dramatist. He frowned again as the famous counsel rose.

But Sir Henry Vereker-Bowen, if he was aware of the judge's hostility, showed no sign as he heaved himself from the corner in which, apparently quiescent, but in reality fiercely vigilant, he had watched the progress of the battle. He was pleased with his client. In everything, in appearance, in demeanour, above all in the quiet sincerity of her answers, she had come through her ordeal well. For the appearance, of course, he himself was responsible. A grim little devil inside him smiled sardonically at the thought of the girl as he had first seen her, with the flamboyance of her dress and the cheap audacity of her make-up betraying her profession to everyone who saw her. A very different figure this slender child in the box, with a cloud of auburn hair setting off the clear pallor of her skin, and enhanced by the dark simplicity of her costume. But her behaviour, above all the quiet candour of her evidence, were her own. She had done well neither to deny nor to deplore the circumstances in which she had met the murdered man, to admit her own ancient profession with neither hysterical evasions nor brazen impudence. Redfern had treated her gently on this point. He was always fair, was Nick. But Guntrey was savagely puritanical, and had gone out of his way to be very unpleasant to her on several occasions.

"In plain words," he had said, "you are a common prostitute." In a moment Sir Henry was on his feet, passionately protesting. "My Lord, we are not trying this woman for offences against the code of sex. The fact that she is an unfortunate does not make her a murderess."

The judge sneered. "Nevertheless, Sir Henry, it seems germane to the circumstances of her meeting with this man, as her character is to the possibility of her committing the crime." Sir Henry bowed. He had his own answer to that, but it was not the moment to reveal it. Besides, the impression he desired, of a judge definitely hostile to the prisoner on grounds apart from the crime, had been created. He was far too wise to disturb it.

So now he was almost tempted to leave the atmosphere undisturbed after that successful resistance to the Attorney-General. But even as he rose to his feet to waive his right to re-examination, he changed his mind. There was, he felt sure, room for one more touch of dramatic pathos. For a moment he gazed at the jury as if he would hypnotise each and every one of them. Then he turned to the prisoner.

"Yvonne Sala," he said, feeling afresh the incongruity of the name under which his client had determined to be tried, "on your oath and before God, did you kill this man?"

"On my oath and before God I did not, Sir!"

"You swear it?"

The slender figure in the box seemed to stiffen almost into immobility. The white hands gripped the rail, the violet eyes were fixed on the counsel with all the passionate sincerity of youth. The low voice came clear but strained.

"I swear it."

The counsel, almost abruptly, dropped back to his seat. Sir William Guntrey, dissatisfied and querulous, sniffed. This was exactly the kind of theatrical trick he loathed in Vereker-Bowen. Some of his displeasure vented itself on the prisoner. "That will do, Sala," he said, and at the acidity of his tone Vereker-Bowen's private demon smiled again. Old fool! Couldn't even see how his enmity added every minute to the chances of an acquittal. But there was no amusement in the reproachful glance which he shot at the judge, or the equally significant look he gave the jury. "Gentlemen," those expressive eyes seemed to say, "I leave it to you whether this man will give my client a fair deal."

BUT now the Attorney-General was on his feet again . . . for Vereker-Bowen, by calling no witnesses except the accused, had reserved to himself the "last word." And now every faculty must be keyed up to the task, not merely of following the argument, but of "talking to the jury with his eyes," or discounting every deadly point by glance and expression. And now the crowded court settled down to the final great moments of the trial, the battle between famous gladiators, with the prize the life of the girl back in the dock.

Yet the Attorney-General, scrupulously and prudently fair, seemed less a combatant than an impartial judge. There was neither passion nor prejudice in his speech, and it was all the deadlier for that. Briefly, almost sketchily, he ran over the admitted facts, the meeting between the accused and the murdered man in Piccadilly, the walk

(All rights strictly reserved.)
[All the characters and incidents in this story are entirely fictitious.]

home to her flat. There was, even in his cool telling, a touch of drama in what followed, the shot which rang out into the night, and the sudden dash of P.C. Wilson to the door of the building from which it came; his bursting in of the door, his rush up the single stair, past the first landing, on to the second, and into the room; his discovery of the girl standing over the dead body of the murdered man with the pistol in her hand. He paused impressively. "Gentlemen," he said, "these facts are not questioned. Ask yourselves what they prove. Could anybody possibly have left that flat between the firing of the shot and P.C. Wilson's arrival? No one left it after. The prisoner and this woman were alone. Either he committed suicide or she shot him, and the medical evidence shows clearly that he did not commit suicide. Why should he?

"The accused tells you that she was out of the room when the shooting occurred, that she had retired to the bathroom. She tells you that she has no knowledge of the actual shooting, that the deceased must have shot himself. But, gentlemen, if there is one thing certain it is that he did not kill himself. The medical men are unanimous on that, and they have given you their reasons. If she did not kill him, then it is the duty of the defence to advance at least a probable theory of how he could possibly meet his death. I submit, gentlemen, that it is impossible for them to do so." He paused again, and looked at his old friend and rival. Sir Henry sat militant, almost triumphant. For a moment the Attorney-General felt a qualm of doubt. What had the old fox up his sleeve? But there could be nothing. He resumed:

"A pistol flashed in the hand of the barrister. There was a crack as he snapped it"

"One further point I feel it is my duty to touch upon. My learned friend has told you, quite correctly, that the profession and the character of the accused have nothing whatever to do with the crime. His Lordship has pointed out to you that the relevance of the evidence on this point is to account for the presence of deceased in accused's flat. You will not, I am sure, gentlemen, allow any prejudice against the accused's manner of earning her living to influence your verdict. If you did so it would be most improper.

"But it would be equally improper if you allowed the evidence which has, somewhat mysteriously, been led about the deceased to influence you. He was admittedly a man of the lowest class, a scoundrel and a blackmailer. If this evidence had been led to prove provocation or self-defence, it might be justified. But there is no such defence." He waited for an interruption from Sir Henry, but none came. "Gentlemen, it may be that some of you feel this man deserved killing. But that is not the question you have to try.

"If the accused fired the shot which killed him, then, failing evidence which would prove justification or self-defence, or other evidence leading to a verdict of manslaughter, she is guilty of murder. That is what you have to decide. The verdict lies heavy on your conscience, but you must decide it on the unquestionable facts. That is the duty which lies upon you as citizens and as men. Upon your conscience I am content to leave it."

Once again the rustle passed over the court. At the reporters' table men leaned back and stretched fingers cramped by the furious shorthand of a verbatim transcript. Murgatroyd, retained to do a descriptive special, whispered to his friend Watson: "Bowen's a demon, but he 's up against it this time." Watson smiled. "He 's not beat yet," he said. The usher frowned warningly. Up among the public someone spoke in a low tone. "Silence in the court!" rang in warning, but there was little need for it. For now Vereker-Bowen was up, and the atmosphere was tauter than ever.

It was a massive figure that faced the jury, powerful, heavy-shouldered, with the body of an athlete and the face of a Roman emperor, but mobile and expressive. The gown, slipping slightly over one shoulder, and the wig, as always, slightly askew, seemed to add a touch of formality to the intense earnestness of a fighter. Above all, one felt the man who, for the moment, *was* the client for whom he fought, wrought to the last pitch of passionate conviction in the innocence of the girl he defended.

Yet he was quiet enough in his opening. Gravely he pointed out to the jury the onus that lay upon them. "Upon you, gentlemen, lies this duty. And you will not fulfil it unless you convince yourselves without the slightest shadow of doubt that the prisoner is guilty. If there is any doubt in your minds you must find in her favour."

"Reasonable doubt," came from the bench. Sir Henry bowed.

"Reasonable doubt, gentlemen. Doubts such as would occur to a reasonable man, sincerely convinced of the enormous responsibility of deciding a question of life and death for a fellow creature. Gentlemen, I submit that this case is full of such doubt—nay, further, that the whole probability of the facts is against the theory of the Crown."

He paused, and scanned the jury again. Some were quite unshaken. The little fellow at the end, with the scrubby moustache, looked frankly incredulous. That was the man to watch. But others were definitely impressed. Again he took up his speech.

"In one thing, gentlemen, I must disagree with my learned friend. He has said that you are not to take the character of my client into account, nor her profession. But I submit that both her character and her profession are the strongest arguments that it is impossible for her to have committed this crime. In another woman, in similar circumstances, jealousy or fury might account for it. Why should she to whom this man was but a client, suddenly develop a murderous rage against him? There is no shred of motive. They had, so far as we know, never met before." In a perfect passion of rhetoric he developed the theme. "Gentlemen, murders are not committed in this fashion. Motive there must be, and I submit that the absence of any motive is at least a strong factor of improbability in the Crown theory.

"And the character of the deceased is even more important. My learned friend has laid upon me the onus of providing an alternative theory. It is a new doctrine to me, gentlemen, that the defence must show the way in which a murder is committed. I was under the impression that this was the duty of the prosecution. But I accept the task.

"Consider this man, a blackmailer. My learned friend implied that I might appeal to your sentiment of hatred towards the lowest of mankind. That is far from my intention. But the police witnesses themselves admit that he is this kind of man, a man with enemies at every turn. The accused has told you that he was, on his own statement, waiting for a 'client' when she met him, and he went with her.

"Can you not picture death coming to this man in ways far more probable than shooting at the hands of a chance-met woman in the streets? Can you not see the man he was to meet following the pair home? The door carelessly closed behind them, failing to catch on the latch?" Again he paused. Over the crowded court silence settled like a frost upon a pool. Every eye was strained upon the barrister, as, action by action, he built the scene in front of them.

"The door opens. Silently he closes it behind him, silently creeps up the dark stair behind them. The woman leaves her client for a moment. The door of her flat opens slowly, and, as the man turns to look at it. . . ." A pistol flashed into the hand of the barrister. There was a crack as he snapped it. Almost the click of the lock sounded like a report. Then it clattered to the floor. A woman shrieked in the gallery. It was unbelievable, yet incredibly convincing. Not a soul but felt that they had the true explanation at last.

Almost cursorily he continued. "And the escape? Surely that was easy. Remember the dark stair, and the first landing. By the

(*Continued on page* iv)

Tennis Topics

"The Man-*in-the*-Chair" *says* :—

HOW pleasant it is to see many of the younger generation on court bearing names which recall old memories. And if in the trial matches at Queen's, and the Hard Court Championships there were not some famous names on the programme.

THAT there was, for instance, Gwen Sterry, whose mother was Singles Champion in 1895, 1896, 1898, 1901, and 1908, with other notable victories to her credit, too numerous to mention. And that this lady is one of the most popular of players.

THAT Gwen Sterry has the right stuff in her is proved by the fact that, in 1927, she was the only competitor to take a set from the all-conquering Helen Wills.

AND that though she may not ever achieve such distinction as her mother, she should go on improving.

ANOTHER lawn-tennis player with an historic name is R. J. Ritchie, who has held a racket in his hand even before he wore knickerbockers.

THAT his style of play is the very spit of that of his father, M. J. G. Ritchie, although, when on court, he does not, at the moment, so closely resemble a tired waiter—a description bestowed upon M. J. G. by a humorist of an earlier age.

IF Ritchie Junior plays as long as his ever-green father, he will have about forty years in which to improve.

HEREDITARY skill is also shown by the Army Champion, C. R. D. Tuckey, who, however, does not in the least resemble his father, C. O. Tuckey, who still plays in tournaments.

THAT, at present, Tuckey Junior's one ambition in life appears to be to knock the cloth off the ball—which was never Father's way.

IF Tuckey Junior would take a leaf out of the parental book he might give thought to finesse like Father, who is as artful as a cart-load of monkeys, and does not rely on mere hard hitting to beat his opponents who have to be up to every move in the game unless they wished to invite defeat.

WHEN Tuckey Junior restrains youthful—and useful—exuberance, he will be a really first-class player.

ISN'T it time a change should be made, and the All-England Mixed Doubles Championship be played at Wimbledon instead of the Northern Meeting, where but few of the world's best players compete nowadays? Doesn't it seem absurd for Championship honours to be won except against the highest class?

STILL more absurd is it that the All-England Ladies' Doubles Championships should be played at Buxton, where there is usually a far weaker entry, even, than at the Northern, and that a test might be made by enquiring of readers, interested in lawn-tennis, if they know the names of the present holders of these high-sounding titles.

Following in Father's—Headgear

R. J. Ritchie, son of the famous M. J. G. Ritchie, whose style closely resembles that of his father, was one of the players chosen for the Davis Cup trials at Queen's Club. A temporary loss of form did not allow of his doing himself justice

A Mighty Hitter

C. R. D. Tuckey, the Army Champion, a son of well-known lawn-tennis parents, who hits as hard as any Englishman now playing. His game shows great promise, and those in authority will assuredly keep an eye on him

Biographies in Brief

No. 1.—F. J. PERRY.

A youth of twenty-three, who has had a meteoric career. Played table-tennis (or ping-pong), and became a champion at ping-pong (or table-tennis) before doing anything notable at the bigger, and better, game. Soon attracted the notice of the much-maligned Lawn Tennis Association, who do recognise talent when they see it. Chosen by that body as one of British Team to tour the Argentine and South America, and became Champion of former. Picked to play seven times in Davis Cup matches in 1931, and did nicely, thanks, including in his bag Wood (U.S.A.) and Borotra (France). Ranked fourth in World's First Ten, and likely to go higher. Possesses all the strokes and a fighting spirit, but occasionally suffers from "temperament," visible both to opponents and spectators

The Good Companions

The Friendly Bull-Terrier and the Playful Pup

Photographs by Mrs. Lyne

"AS one pal to another, I suggest
Some ratting might fill in the morning best."
"You may be right, although I frankly own
I'd rather search for some old vintage bone."
"Do be a sport, and fall in with my plan,
I know two rat-holes quite near here, old man."
"No, young 'un, I'm afraid I don't agree,
Although your pleading ways quite weaken me."
"Well, don't let's quarrel like the humans do,
But think it over for an hour or two."

Sasha

TILLY LOSCH

Who plays the Nun in the highly successful revival of "The Miracle" at the Lyceum Theatre. She is seen in the dress she wears for the mock wedding episode

Books of the Day

An Ugly Underworld: A Servant Heroine

By "Junius"

You must be bitten to the core with wanderlust if it leads you into the adventures set forth in *Wild Oats* (Duckworth; 8*s.* 6*d.*), by Eric Muspratt. With thirty shillings in his pocket and no passports, Mr. Muspratt started a journey across Europe by being a stowaway in a cross-Channel cargo-boat. His lack of papers brought him into prison in France, in Buda-Pesth, and Vienna. His tramping brought him into fellowship with the scum of the earth.

Mr. Muspratt certainly knew the joy of mountains, of great open spaces—here you have flashes of the spirit which made his first book, *My South Sea Island*, a delight; something quite new in its youthful freshness and vitality. But in the descriptions of the long railway journeys half over the Continent, hidden in goods trains; of the hideous squalor with its vice, its vermin, its thefts he encountered everywhere, naturally there can be no glamour, none of the romance of endeavour which distinguished the former book.

His intention when he started from England was to get to Constantinople, and thence to Australia. But he and a companion were turned back at the Hungarian frontier, and consigned to prison, first in Buda-Pesth, then in Vienna. From Vienna they made their way to Rotterdam, and so, as stowaways, to England. Once more Mr. Muspratt went to prison, "certainly the best I have ever been in." And before he returned ultimately to Australia, he had been in prison in Egypt and in an Indian workhouse.

The book is written with stark reality. I found it unnecessarily revolting sometimes. But, despite the vivid descriptions of a world which, happily, is unknown to most of us, you are left wondering if these experiences—such as eating raw snails, and living in filth and squalor—were worth while.

You will remember Mr. Stephen McKenna's *Dermotts Rampant*. It told of a great Irish family which rose to riches and power in England, and ended with Lady Rhoda Fletcher breaking off her engagement to Tony Dermott, the eldest son of Lord Lissenden. In *The Way of the Phœnix* (Chapman and Hall; 7*s.* 6*d.*) we have the continuation of the earlier story, but in what a different setting! The war has changed all the old values, and in Tony, the vigour and intensity of purpose, which brought the Dermotts into the Peerage has become a detachment towards life, which makes him rather a spectator than a participant. The only determination he shows is in the writing of novels and the history of his own family, which he calls "The Silent Revolution."

But Lady Rhoda has lost none of the fires of her temperament. After her marriage to Swallowfield, she sees no reason why she and Tony should not be lovers. Tony refuses. She becomes a widow, but even then does not contemplate marriage with Tony. She claims—and gains him—as an occasional lover.

The characters actually have little to do with the story. They are rather pegs on which Mr. McKenna hangs a brilliant survey of the world-stirring changes—social, political, economical—wrought by the war. This gives the novel a real historical value.

How many mistresses must sigh for such a servant as Sally Dunn, the heroine of Mrs. Beatrice Kean-Seymour's new novel, *Maids and Mistresses* (Heinemann; 8*s.* 6*d.*). But Sally was no ordinary servant. Some mental inheritance, perhaps, from her unknown father, gave her an instinctive understanding of other people's lives, a wide tolerance, and an unswerving loyalty. In her first situation she was the spectator of an unusual kind of marriage. Mrs. Yorke held that marriage was solely for the procreation of children. Her husband's means and opinions about a large family led him to think otherwise. The end was the inevitable disaster. The husband went away, and divorce followed.

Claud Harris

Eric Muspratt

Whose new book, "Wild Oats," vividly describe his adventures as a voluntary tramp and stowaway. It is published by Duckworth at 8s. 6d.

In her second place the Hansons have no children. Here, again, comes disaster. The wife is going to have a child, and the husband, because he can never be a father, shoots himself in order that his wife and her lover may marry. In each household Sally becomes the standby; quiet, always helpful, sympathetic. Then comes her own personal trouble at the Stawells. The son, Colin, falls in love with Sally, and she with him. Result, a casting-forth by Mrs. Stawell. In her despair she is taken into his house by an eccentric writer, John Saril, whose wife has left him. Here again she becomes the mainstay of the house, and Saril falls in love with her, with a tragic ending for Sally. He dies. She is turned out of the house by his daughter, and we leave her at Victoria Station, homeless, with nothing in the world except her innate nobility of character.

Undoubtedly this is the best book Mrs. Kean-Seymour has given us. The contrasts between these various households are masterly in their observation of character and their suggestion of atmosphere. Sally moves through them a touching figure of beauty and fidelity.

"The Maiden" (John Murray; 7*s.* 6*d.*), by Myrtle Johnston, is an unusual book. Its central character, Maria Kuntzen, born in a San Francisco slum, learns all there is to be learnt about managing a sailing-vessel from her father. Disguised as a man, she becomes the mate of a sailing-ship, then its captain, when her predecessor dies on the voyage on the outbreak of a mutiny. His death, however, has the appearance of murder, and the frightened crew and officers decide on piracy, changing the name of the ship to "The Maiden." Their success, led by Maria, brings a terrible tragedy. Unknown to Maria, the daughter of the captain of the robbed vessel is brought to "The Maiden." The girl jumps overboard. When "The Maiden" reaches port, Maria disappears. But you learn that she is expiating the tragedy as a woman working in a sailors' mission at Havana, where she is known as Apron Jack.

Here you have a vigorous, sweeping story of the sea, displaying an intimate knowledge of conditions on some of the old sailing-ships, and with it a deeply-perceptive study of its central character.

Another novel largely concerned with the sea is *The Coast Road* (Stanley Paul; 7*s.* 6*d.*), by Madeleine C. Munday. It has a wide canvas, stretching from the Mediterranean to China, and from the Channel Islands to a manufacturing town in the North of England. The book is a happy mixture of thrills and what one may term the ordinary happenings of life. The scenes in the Channel Islands, where Con and Jacqueline, the Westering brother and sister, lose their mother, are exceptionally well done. But the best part of the novel is in the last chapters, devoted to China, where brother and sister know that their mother is avenged.

Air Displays and Demonstration Flights

By Capt. C. E. Ward

Autogiro experts at Hanworth Aerodrome for a demonstration by Flight-Lieut. Brie, who is on the extreme right. Mr. Harold Pitcairn, the President of the American Autogiro Company, is second from the left, followed by General "Jimmy" Weir, Señor Cierva, the designer, and Mr. Ted Ray, the American test pilot. The cabin model in the picture, built by de Havillands, has not yet been seen in America

The Cinque Ports Club flying display, held at Lympne, attracted a large crowd. Wing-Commander Douglas Stewart is on the left, with Mrs. Stewart and Mrs. Baker seated, Mrs. Wiseman Clarke, and Flight-Lieut. Clarke. Royal Air Force pilots from Hawkinge contributed to the programme

"A Rabbit in the Air"

It has been left to David Garnett, the author of *Lady into Fox* and *The Grasshoppers Come*, to write the story of learning to fly. No text-book ever inspired anyone to do anything, but if the lessons can be disguised in a narrative, and especially if this be witty and entertaining, every reader may become a student. The "Rabbit" is Mr. Garnett himself, who hopes that his tale will encourage others who are slow to learn, but, as a matter of fact, his time in the pupils' seat was not unduly long, considering the interruptions in his course. He flew, first of all, in a Bluebird at Conington, and later, took his ticket on a Moth at Marshall's Aerodrome, Cambridge. I suppose most authors and novelists of repute have added flying to their other experiences, but few have troubled to learn how to fly or we should not have waited so long for this book, which describes so accurately the thrill that every new pilot feels in his achievement. In the last chapter, Mr. Garnett says that he may not ever possess the aeroplane of which he dreams, but his readers will hope that the dream comes true, for after a few hundred hours as a private owner, we could expect another book about flying, equally delightful.

An Aircraft Register

The British Corporation has maintained a register of all civil aircraft, in addition to its shipping register, for some considerable time. Particulars are filed in a card index, which can be bought by anyone whose business is concerned with aviation, the index being kept up to date by the issue of amendments and corrections at regular intervals. An analysis of the machines which were listed last month reveals several points of general interest. Of the total number of 921 machines, 436 were privately owned, and of these, 386 belonged to men, and 50 to women. The clubs owned between them 56 machines; whilst Imperial Airways and National Flying Services each possessed 41 machines. One hundred and four were in use for school and taxi work, 115 registered in the names of aircraft constructors, and 49 were in the hands of agents for sale at the time of this particular census. The increasing use of machines for business purposes is shown by the total of 68, which are owned by companies not primarily connected with the aircraft industry. The Aircraft Register is of special value when tracing the record of a second-hand machine, a large number of which are being traded at the present time.

Coming Events

The Guild of Air Pilots is organising a display at Brooklands on Friday and Saturday, May 27 and 28, during which pilots of the Royal Air Force will take part, and an event of special interest to private owners is the "Concours d'Elegance." Brooklands is particularly suitable for pylon racing, and for that matter, any display of flying is seen to the best advantage from numerous points round the track. The Display proper will take place on the second day, Friday being reserved for buyers to inspect and try out any of the civil machines which manufacturers and agents are sending for the occasion. The Air Council has agreed to allow Royal Air Force displays at two other civil flying meetings during this year; that of the Hull Aero Club, which is one of the N.F.S. group, on June 18, and at the official opening of Portsmouth's municipal airport on July 2. Events at the Household Brigade Meeting on May 18, will include demonstrations of high-speed machines sent especially for the purpose by individual manufacturers. Captain Uwins will fly the Bristol "Bulldog," Flight-Lieut. Staniland, the Fairey "Firefly," and it is hoped that the Hawker "Hart" and one of the latest Armstrong Whitworth fighters, with a speed of more than 200 miles an hour, will perform. Captain V. H. Baker, chief instructor at Heston, will give one of his model exhibitions of crazy flying, the Autogiro will be engaged in mock combat with a Moth and will also attempt to land and take off quicker than a Klemm with a Pobjoy engine. On June 4, the Bristol and Wessex Club holds its usual Summer Meeting, when the race for the Air League Challenge Trophy will be flown. Full particulars for entry may be obtained from the manager of the Bristol Airport.

A Civil Air Pageant

The display organised by Sir Alan Cobham, who is touring the country with a dozen or more machines and pilots to make National Aviation Day a memorable date at some 170 towns, is well worth a visit. Whilst the programme has been given near London, I have seen it three times, and on each occasion there has been something new and interesting to watch. Flight-Lieut. Turner-Hughes' performance on the Tiger Moth is perfect flying, whilst the Comper "Swift" looks faster and generally more impressive every time it appears. Towed gliding is an innovation, as an item amongst other flying events, and is creating great interest, especially as a passenger can be carried. The Airspeed "Ferry" has all the appearances of being a winner.

MAY, 1932

11th to 20th inclusive.

11th **Show.** Ladies' Kennel Association (Olympia).
Racing. Newmarket and Dundalk Meetings. Newton Abbot Steeplechases.
Cricket. Cambridge U. v Yorkshire (Cambridge) Oxford U. v. Leicestershire (Oxford)

12th **Fencing.** Oxford Univ. v. Cambridge Univ Epée (Oxford)
Racing. Newmarket and Dundalk Meetings. Newton Abbott and Woore Stpchs.

13th **Show.** Newark Agric.
Racing. Gatwick and Haydock Park Meetings.
Motoring. M.C.C. London-Edinburgh Run.

14th **Polo.** Colts' Cup Final (Ranelagh).
Racing. Gatwick, Haydock Park and Naas Meetings. Hexham and Southwell Steeplechases.
Cricket. Glamorgan v. All India (Cardiff).

16th WHIT MONDAY.
Athletics. British Games (Stamford Bridge).
Shows. Colchester Horse Show London Cart Horses, Regent's Park.
Auto-Racing. Brooklands Meeting.
Polo. Hurlingham v. Army (Hurlingham). Public Schools Cup (Roehampton).

16th cont. Buenos Aires Cup (Ranelagh).
Racing. Hurst Park, Redcar, Wolverhampton, Waterford and Tramore and Metropolitan (Baldoyle) Meetings. Cardiff, Hexham, Wetherby, Wincanton, Buckfastleigh, Cartmel, Huntingdon Steeplechases

17th **Racing.** Hurst Park, Redcar, Wolverhampton, Metropolitan (Baldoyle) Meetings. Cardiff, Buckfastleigh Steeplechases.

18th **Show.** Oxfordshire Agricultural Soc. (Oxford)
Racing. Manchester, Yarmouth and Limerick Mtgs.
Golf. "Silver Tassie" Competition, Gleneagles.
Cricket. Cambridge U. v. Essex (Cambridge). Oxford U. v. All India (Oxford).

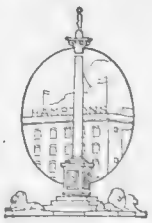
19th **Shows.** Royal Jersey Agric Soc. Spring Show. N'hants Agricultural Soc. (Rushden)
Racing. Manchester, Yarmouth and Limerick Mtgs.
Rowing. "Eights Week," (Oxford).

20th **Show.** Southern Command Horse Show (Tidworth)
Racing. Manchester and Lingfield Park Meetings. Newport Steeplechases.
Lawn Tennis. Open Tournament (Harrogate).

PUT DOWN IN YOUR NOTEBOOK THE EVENTS WHICH INTEREST YOU. AND, WHILE YOU'RE AT IT, PUT YOURSELF DOWN FOR A WORTHINGTON.

Modern Seamless Axminsters

IN NEW DESIGNS



HAMPTONS' MODERN STYLE SUPER GRADE SEAMLESS AXMINSTER

Carpets. The design illustrated is one of the many entirely new productions in these super-grade Seamless Carpets. The sizes available, together with the quotations, are as follows—

ft. in.		ft. in.	£. s. d.	ft. in.		ft. in.	£. s. d.
10 6	×	9 0	9. 3. 9	13 6	×	12 0	15. 15. 0
12 0	×	9 0	10. 10. 0	15 0	×	10 6	15. 6. 3
12 0	×	10 6	12. 5. 0				
13 6	×	10 6	13. 15. 9	15 0	×	12 0	17. 10. 0

Write for HAMPTONS' SPRING CATALOGUE No. C. 155

HAMPTONS

OF PALL MALL EAST,
TRAFALGAR SQUARE, S.W.1.

Telephones: Whitehall 1020.

CVS-46

THE CHARM OF MUSIC

brings sunshine to you—and others

A BECHSTEIN can be placed in your home on an initial payment and the balance may be distributed over a period of time suitable to you.

And the possession of a fine piano is an attribute of the art of gracious and cultured living. Relaxation, insight, inspired understanding, these are the magic gifts of Music. A broader vision, a sounder judgment, a greater capacity for attainment.

There is no greater tribute to a leading statesman, a high diplomat, a captain of industry, and other great leaders than for it to be said, "he is also a musician."

The spirit of the Bechstein responds to the fingers of the amateur as happily as to the skilled touch of the famous artist.

To understand this perfect instrument you must hear it. As it is a piano that will assure a lifetime of perfect service, it will prove an economical investment.

Bechstein Pianos

BECHSTEIN HALL,
28, BROOK STREET, LONDON, W.1.

The SUPREMACY

Conway Stewart

BRITISH MADE

Self-filling Pen

Price 10'6, 12'6 15'-, 17'6

Osmi Iridium Pointed 14ct Gold Nib

OF ALL STATIONERS AND STORES

The Conway Stewart is recognised as the greatest Pen value in the world. Extremely smooth-writing; perfectly balanced; cannot leak however carried. Your favourite nib exactly matched from the wide range of points available. Made in Black, Mottled and a charming variety of colourings. Ideal as a gift, or for personal use. Ask your Stationer to show you a selection of Conway Stewart Pens to-day.

Conway Stewart & Co., Ltd.

Makers of the "Duro" and "Dinkie" Pens

75-82, SHOE LANE, LONDON, E.C.4

"Jolly Boating Weather"

The Old Etonian Golf Society brave the elements at Stoke Poges

Below: Mr. R. C. Quilter driving off from the first tee at Stoke Poges

Messrs. A. S. Clayton, G. C. Horn, and E. S. Chance waiting to play

Left: Making the best of a demned moist, unpleasant business. Mr. A. H. Gold, Major G. F. Hankey, and Colonel H. Churchill sheltering from the rain. Eighty-six entries were received for the Spring meeting, the King Henry VI. Medal resulting in a tie between Mr. E. Martin Smith and Mr. G. D. Hannay

Below: The Earl of Drogheda and the Hon. William Brownlow making the best of things "when the stormy elements defy"

Left: Lord Chesham seen in action during the day's play

"Come Under the Ole Umbrella"

Above: Mr. R. H. Twining approaching the first green

Right: Lord Tennyson and Lord Wharncliffe obviously taking their golf not too seriously

Mr. S. G. Fairbairn, a former captain of Stoke Poges, and Mr. E. G. Waley, possibly discussing golf, but more probably cussing the weather

Collaborators at Large: Harris and Fairlie present

The Dirt Track

Track by Gerard Fairlie
Dirt by H. H. Harris

The life of a pneumatic driller is one of undisturbed peace in comparison with that of a dirt-track rider

Even a steward has the greatest difficulty in recognising the faces of his own riders

I SPENT an unprofitable hour the other night listening to a young married woman telling me how shattering everything was in the entertainment world, except just those few things which the dictates of her set decreed that she adored. After the hour, which is as long a period of time as I can remain polite in these circumstances, I suggested in my usual terms just how much this young lady was missing in life, provided, of course, that her grey matter was really in existence in spite, obviously, of being dormant. Then my wife took me home very quickly in a taxi: I don't know why, because I was bigger than the husband.

But the incident gave me an idea: I rang up Harris when conscious on the following morning, and I suggested to him that we should attend a Speedway racing meeting. Harris replied that he 'd try anything once.

So we went. We got a very nice position on the rails, just at the finish of the last bend into the home straight. I prepared to take an intelligent interest in the proceedings, and Harris just looked on.

It is rather an imposing spectacle, is a greyhound racing meeting. The track is lighted up, and looks curiously green in spite of being grass. The . . . sorry, we 're at the Speedway. I forgot.

IT is rather an imposing spectacle, is a Speedway racing meeting. The track is lighted up, and looks curiously black in spite of being cinders. The motor-bicycles are wheeled out, silent but strong and gleaming in the artificial light, to a position just by the goal-post. The seconds, appropriately clad in white trousers, and jerseys the colour of the helmets of their principals, finick about with them while these principals walk haltingly from the security of the dressing-room to the dangers of the track. Harris said he didn't blame them, but I understand that it isn't real stark-staring fear which causes the halting gait: it 's a sort of pogo-foot caused by so much leg-aided cornering. I believe they are quite all right at the beginning of the season, and walk to their quaking bicycles without fear or favour and with firm step.

An obvious Ford has meanwhile been

A behind-the-scenes sketch of a kind dressing-room attendant showing our artist the dirt-track riders enjoying a few minutes rest in their dressing-rooms before taking to the saddle and awaiting the kick-off

touring round the track trailing a network of something or other which is smoothing down the cinders. This is shoo'd out of the way, and the great moment is rapidly approaching. The bycicles, by now so nervous that they don't know whether to spell their appellation with the "i" or the "y" first, are wheeled on to the track and lined up front wheel to white starting line. The riders, so be-goggled and be-gagged, that their own mummies wouldn't know them, take to their saddles. The seconds grip and wait for the kick-off.

A man, who has obviously just arrived from playing cricket for a club, which has for colours a lovely red, and is smart enough to boast a blazer, steps out in front of the bicycles and waits.

Everyone is now waiting, except the loudspeaker. This is in full blast, and is informing Harris and me and all the others that the first heat of the great match is just about to start. There is one alteration in the programme, it says: Bucks Dollar, having pistoned an accelerator, is suffering from slight valvular trouble and cannot ride; his place will be taken by Tiger Younger. Did their mothers really think of those names?

THEY'RE off. At least the seconds are earning their money and pushing like grim death. One by one the bicycles realise the inevitable and start to fire, or tick over, or whatever motor-bicycles do when they don't need any more pushing, and the riders proceed quite quietly round the track. Something hit me gently over the ears when they first opened the throttle, but Harris does not seem to have been affected.

"Good lord," say I, disgusted. "Is that all? I could do that myself."

"Jockeying for position," says Harris.

"What?" say I.

"Jockeying for position," says Harris. "They 've got to pass the starting line all out more or less together. Then the race starts."

Harris was right. Just then the riders passed us, and almost immediately afterwards something hit me extremely hard over both ears.

"You 're right," say I, always generous to admit a mistake, "they 're undoubtedly off."

"Which do you want to back?" says Harris.

I just heard him.

"I 'll take the man in the blue helmet," say I.

"All right. I 'll take the man in the blue helmet," says Harris.

"Right you are," say I, seeing he 'd stopped speaking. "But don't try to get out of it after he 's won. Blue 's mine."

"Right-oh," says Harris. "But no nonsense. Blue 's mine."

At least that was how we reconstructed our conversation afterwards. Neither of us heard a word that the other said. I don't think anyone in Walham Green could have heard a word anyone else in Walham Green said. I should think even Knightsbridge was affected. The noise was terrific.

They skidded round the first corner at a speed which sounded greater than anything else in the world, including infuriated wasps. They roared down the far straight at a speed which sounded like an Act of God. They came round our corner on half a wheel and one foot.

After we had got the stuff out of our eyes I looked at Harris and saw Mose. Harris and I suggested simultaneously that as there was no sense in wasting a free make-up, we could do worse than volunteer a turn at the local music-hall. However, we forgot all that in the excitement of the moment, for it was quite obvious that something had to be done.

True to their probing nature, our collaborators were soon able to discover why a Dirt Track is called a Dirt Track

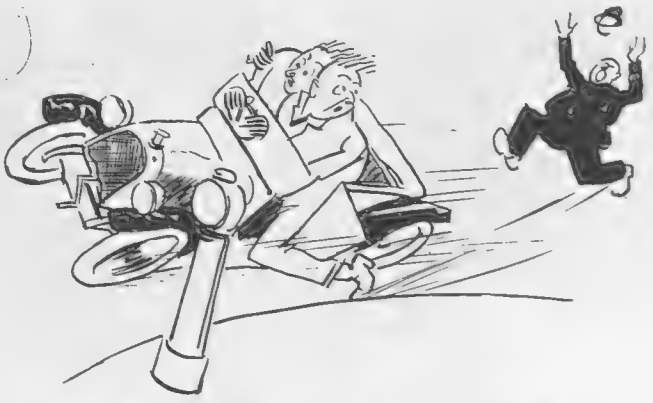
The riders were nearing our corner again. There is no sense in over-doing anything, including make-up, even though free.

Harris and I ran.

My wife said I wasn't to go to Dirt-track racing again. She said, not unless I took her to the Stand. So that is what it cost me, but I do think it was worth the dollar. Speedway racing is the greatest fun.

The collaborators were in luck on the night of their visit, for they were regaled with the sight of one race finishing before it had begun

Two wide-awake officials were just in time to prevent the collaborators from leaving Stamford Bridge with the whole of the dirt track——



——but, overcome by their experience they managed to do a bit of "dirt" work when homeward bound in their 2-h.p. car

Sport with the Lid Off

A Fair, Frank and Free Commentary

By "Mark Over"

Fit Again

D. O. Williams, the Springbok, who was badly injured whilst playing against England last season, was fit enough to turn out for the opening game of the Rugger season at Cape Town. He is seen with Bennie Osler, who captained the Springboks during their tour in Great Britain

Umbrella—and Spirits—Up

Mrs. A. H. Mellows and Miss Evelyn Dearman did not let the rain damp their spirits when it interfered with play during the Hurlingham Hard Courts Tournament last week. Up to date, this season seems set upon living up to the unenviable record of its predecessor of unhappy memory

I SUPPOSE the Rev. H. Ingli James means well, but Heaven preserve me from him and others of his kidney. Mr. James addressed the Annual Assembly of the Baptist Union the other day on the threadbare subject of popular amusements, and made the surprising statement that "most members of a Rugby Club existed for the Saturday-night drunk." He then went on to say that he and his fellow-Baptists "might reasonably ask the Rugby Union to consider the question why association with the splendid game of which it was the custodian had proved the moral undoing of so many young men."

I should like to see Mr. Walter Pearce's face if this absurd question were put to him; and even better I should like to hear Admiral Royds telling the Rev. Ingli James not to talk nonsense. But, seriously, why do these parsons make such fools of themselves? I have the greatest respect for many clergymen, but by utterances of this sort men like Mr. James harm their religion far more than they harm the objects of their attacks. It is hardly necessary for me to refute Mr. James's comic accusations, though I would advise him to make certain of his facts before he generalises so recklessly again.

OF course, many Rugby footballers gather together after their matches, and drink beer and make a good deal of noise, but to suggest that they habitually indulge in drunken orgies is fantastic. I remember some good parties myself—there is a hotel clock in the Midlands, I recollect, which will never be able to look itself in the face again—but to say that these parties were anything more than youthfully high-spirited and harmless affairs would be priggish indeed. Mr. James, I think, had better lay off Rugby football until he has learnt something about it. In the meanwhile, he might ponder W. J. A. Davies' dictum that the game "sweats the vice out of a man," which puts it all very neatly.

Incidentally, I see that Cardiff have refused to renew fixtures with Aberavon, apparently because there was too much rough stuff when the clubs last played one another. This is good news, for, quite apart from the merits of this particular case, any strong action to stamp out unnecessarily coarse or foul play is greatly to be welcomed.

NOW to more topical matters. Great Britain play Rumania in the second round of the Davis Cup at Torquay on Saturday. Not that I'm particularly interested in the Davis Cup, over which we make a great deal too much fuss, for I'm inclined to agree with M. D. Lyon, who in his latest book on cricket rates lawn-tennis as the easiest, and therefore the least interesting, of games. Mention of tennis, however, does enable me to recall to your mind the fact that in the recent big tournament at Bournemouth F. J. Perry protested against having to play on a wet court. "If the Lawn Tennis Association wishes me to break my neck, I will go on," Perry is alleged to have said; "but it might spoil our chance of winning the Davis Cup." Perhaps Perry has been wrongly reported; I hope so, for I hesitate to believe that he is yet as swollen-headed as that. Still, the fact remains that he protested against the playing conditions, which strikes me as pretty childish, even if he did find it difficult to move about the slippery court with his usual speed. Was it so essential that he should have the court just as he liked it in order that he might win, or do all lawn-tennis players have to be wrapped in cotton wool?

AS for Britain's Davis Cup team, the four players selected, Perry, Hughes, Lee and David, more or less chose themselves, with Austin out of action. And while we are talking of tennis, I see

(Continued on page 298)

Oxford In Defence

One of the Oxford University defenders about to clear during the final of the Iroquois Cup, which carries with it the Lacrosse Club Championship of England, during the match at Beckenham against the Old Hulmeians, who beat the Dark Blues by 13 goals to 1. On the right is seen one of the winning team who had just received a blow in the face

ONCE a woman has worn a belt designed by Roussel - the great master corsetier of Paris - she becomes enthusiastic. She would not dream of wearing any other form of corset. For she has found, at last, comfort combined with elegance - perfect freedom of movement, yet a slim, willowy grace.

Since M. ROUSSEL undertakes a six months' guarantee and free adjustment service, to ensure perfect fitting, belts designed by Roussel are only obtainable at the Roussel Salons.

Prices. Hip-belts from 2 to 8 Gns. Long-belts from 5 to 12 Gns.

On sale only at

J. Roussel (of Paris)

177, Regent Street (Dept. G) W. 1

A Beautifully Illustrated Catalogue will be sent free on request.

BIRMINGHAM: 6, Midland Arcade MANCHESTER: 6, King St. PARIS: 166, Bd Haussmann

R 5c

CARS with a Personality:

A New Series Compiled for "The Bystander" by

The Earl of Cardigan

The "Vortic" Sports Saloon looks just what it is, namely, a thoroughly sturdy motor-car, with the additional recommendation of well-balanced, graceful "lines"

The eight-cylinder engine is unusually accessible. Two-thirds of the bonnet can be opened instantly or the whole removed with the minimum of trouble

The rear panel is of extremely clean design, enclosing the petrol tank and a commodious luggage trunk. The fixing of the spare wheel on the back of this is also a neat piece of work

Photographs *W. Davis*

Although the front seats are designed for the greatest comfort, there is a very fair amount of room for two passengers to be seated behind

No. 2. The Hillman Vortic

A Popular Straight Eight

IT is perhaps as well that, in giving an account of the Hillman "Vortic" model, I have not got unlimited space at my disposal; otherwise I might be tempted to discuss at length the technical virtues of the eight-cylinder engine. As it is, we may merely note in passing that, theoretically, the greater the number of cylinders, and the greater the number of impulses per revolution of the engine, the greater is the degree of smoothness which may be expected. In practice, we may observe that sixteen is the greatest number of cylinders ever normally employed, whereas many firms of high repute are content with six.

Whether one is, or is not, an eight-cylinder enthusiast, however, the fact remains that the 20 h.p. "straight-eight" engine of the Hillman "Vortic" is quite exceptionally smooth and flexible. Throughout its wide range, I found it absolutely free from any trace of flurry or vibration. It develops ample and unobtrusive power both for rapid acceleration and for a convincing performance on hills.

Maximum speed in top gear is approximately 70 m.p.h., and I was able to obtain well over 60 m.p.h. against a distinct up-grade. The speedometer I judged to be absolutely honest; indeed, I was afterwards told that it possessed the most unusual fault of tending to register a trifle low. Around 50 m.p.h. is the maximum in third gear.

With an engine of this type, it is, of course, comparatively rarely that an indirect gear is required. The designers have, nevertheless, fitted a gear-box from which excellent results can be obtained when desired. Third gear is justly described in the catalogue as a "traffic top," and has, in fact, most of the typically top-gear virtues. It is dead silent in operation, and, having the "dog" form of engagement, makes very little demand upon the driver's skill.

ONE would, indeed, have to be very censorious to find fault with any details of the Hillman chassis. The brakes are of such power that only rank bad driving would demand the full application of them, yet they are never unpleasantly fierce. The springing and road-holding qualities are good, and the steering, which has an admirably wide lock, is everything that one could wish.

The sports saloon coachwork combines, to a very creditable extent, the two virtues of smart appearance and genuine comfort. The back seat, which, at first sight, appears unduly cramped, has actually quite a fair amount of knee- and leg-room. The driver and front passenger have ample space, and the controls are particularly well and conveniently arranged. If there is a criticism to be made, it is that the driving position is a shade too upright, and that the seat cushion does not sufficiently support the leg.

This, however, is largely a matter of personal preference, and I do not hesitate to describe the "Vortic" model as remarkably good value in the £400 class. At this price, a powerful, luxurious eight-cylinder car of British manufacture is a genuine challenge to foreign competition, and the best form of argument in support of the "Buy British" movement.

No bad gear-changes now!

4-DOOR SALOON £285

(*Ex Works, Hendon*)

Flush-type weatherproof sliding roof - - £10 extra.
Fixed-head Coupé - £295
Tickford Saloon and Drop-head Coupé - - - £325
Special 26-h.p. model for overseas.

FAULTLESS GEAR-CHANGE

No double-declutching, no "feeling" for gears, no stalling, no noise—you never need make a bad gear-change on the Vauxhall Cadet. Synchro-Mesh gears give you a feeling of expert control; the Silent Second makes it pleasant to use your gears as you should. And in performance and appearance the Cadet is all you could wish for. Ask any dealer for a trial run, or write to Vauxhall Motors Ltd., Edgware Road, The Hyde, London, N.W.9.

"I WISH I could change gear as quietly as you," said Margaret, as Joan went into second for the steep stretch.

"It's easy. First, you forget everything you ever learned about double-declutching and judging engine-speed—"

"But, my dear——!"

"—and then," concluded Joan, smiling, "you get a Vauxhall Cadet!"

"Why, gears don't change themselves, do they, even on a Cadet?"

"Very nearly. All you do is to move the lever. There's a thing called Synchro-Mesh—down there in the works somewhere——" she gestured vaguely towards the floorboards. "It makes it just about impossible to clash the gears, whatever speed you're doing. Now, don't ask me how it works, Margaret!"

"I wasn't going to," replied Margaret, calmly. "I don't care a hoot how it works. If it can prevent *me* from clashing gears, I'm satisfied!"

COMPLETE RANGE OF MODELS ON VIEW AT 174-182 GREAT PORTLAND STREET, LONDON, W.1.

VAUXHALL CADET

(17 H.P.——SIX CYLINDERS)

It's British

Sport with the Lid Off

(continued from page 294)

that Vivian McGrath, the Australian "boy wonder," is being sent to Wimbledon by the New South Wales L.T.A. He is only fifteen, and the Australian L.T.A. very rightly refused to pick him for the Australian Davis Cup team on account of his age. It is ridiculous to think of this boy touring the world, however good he may be. He should be playing team games at school, and having some sense of proportion knocked into him.

By the time these notes appear, the Indian cricketers will have played their first serious match, if the weather behaves itself. I watched them in their trial game at Pelsham, where they were too short of practice to show their paces. Jack Mercer, of Glamorgan, was watching with me, and he told me a cricket story which is new to me, and which Mercer declares to be true, since it happened on his own village green. It concerns an umpire who was reputed to favour his own team rather obviously. His men were batting, and one of them gave a palpable catch to the wicket-keeper. As the shout, "'Ow's that?" went up, the wicket-keeper dropped the ball, and the umpire said scornfully, "Not out." He then remarked venomously to the bowler, "And another thing—if 'e 'ad caught it, it wouldn't 'ave been out neither." "Oh!" said the bowler, "and why 's that?" "Because," replied the umpire "because, it was a b——— no-ball."

The Fastest Dog in the World

"Future Cutlet," the Wembley greyhound, seen above with his trainer, Mr. S. S. Probert, is considered the fastest dog in the world at the present time, and is the favourite for the Greyhound Derby. On a heavy track, he made fastest time when racing away with the Northam Trophy a short time ago

To turn for a moment to boxing, in my opinion Mr. C. H. Douglas was perfectly right to disqualify Tom Toner for holding in his fight against Jack Petersen the other day. There has been a deal of argument about it, but Toner did hold unnecessarily, and there is too much of this hugging among the heavy-weights to-day. Incidentally, Petersen's much-boomed right-hand punch may soon be eclipsed by Young Jack Doyle's ferocious right, which has already disposed of two tough men in as many minutes. This Doyle certainly can hit, and raw though he is at the present moment, he is worth watching.

I had my first day at the Enton Fly-Fisher's Club, near Godalming, recently, and if I could afford it, I should join the Club myself. Fifty pounds a year is a big consideration in these times, but any more refreshing refuge from a hectic world than drifting on those lakes and catching those plump and sporting trout, I can't imagine. It might not appeal to the purist, for like most loch fishing, it is rather a chuck-and-chance-it business, but it is amazing to find such well-stocked and beautiful lakes so close to London.

Pope & Bradley
OF OLD BOND St LONDON, W. 1.

THE WEST END "LOG"

LONDON is still the supreme arbiter of men's clothes. Throughout the world, well-dressed men look to London for leadership in style and fashion. The reason is, simply, that the cultured Englishmen have always known how to choose and carry their clothes, and the West-End tailors are the finest craftsmen in the world. There would be a danger of losing our prestige, and with it our valuable foreign clientèle, if the Upper and Professional classes were to allow themselves to drift, sartorially, into a state of apathy.

IT is unwise for any man to under-estimate the psychological importance of his personal appearance. The modern woman fully realises this: it is her first consideration. Hence her remarkable development, unparalleled in history, during the last decade; in character, personality, charm, freedom, intelligence and business acumen, she has made an irresistible advance.

OF late years it may truthfully be said that Englishmen have not kept pace with Englishwomen in their study of dress. The majority of men have been content with a stereotyped level, monotonous and dull, relieved only by the comparatively small body of men who patronise the few exclusive firms. Foreigners, visiting England to buy their clothes, are apt to have their traditional faith in London's sartorial leadership disturbed by the lack of really well-dressed men they see about.

ONLY a comparatively small number of tailoring firms—a mere handful—can afford to employ West-End "log" tailors. Every suit built by the House of Pope and Bradley is sewn throughout by hand, by the finest "log" craftsmen in the Trade. As a test of quality in workmanship, we would advise the purchaser of any suit quoted under the price of ten guineas to ask "Will this suit be sewn by tailors who are paid on the present rate of the 'West-End Log'?"

IT is always the minority which leads. Here is the commercial argument. Hand-sewn suits are of necessity expensive. But the resultant style—which only expert hand-sewing can impart—is indelible; it will remain for years after a machine-made product has lost what shape it originally possessed.

LOUNGE Suits from ten guineas, Dinner Suits from fourteen guineas, Dress Suits from fifteen guineas.

14 Old Bond Street W.
and
11&13 Southampton Row, W.C.

SUMMER SHELL PETROL IS NOW ON SALE AGAIN—

—but don't spoil Summer Motoring with Winter's Worn-out Oil . . .

When you start using Summer Shell Petrol, it's a good time to get rid of your old Winter oil—all of it.

Flooding the carburetter, excessive use of the starting mechanism, longer periods of idling on rich mixtures to warm your engine, any of these have thinned down your Winter oil by dilution—regardless of the brand you use—rendering it unfit for warm weather use. Your dealer will confirm this timely warning. You need fresh oil.

TRIPLE SHELL OIL

FOR SUMMER

TO HIS LATE MAJESTY KING EDWARD VII

Carpets Cleaned

The Compressed Air Carpet-Cleaning and Beating Co., Ltd.,

GLENTHORNE ROAD, HAMMERSMITH, W.6

'Phone: RIVERSIDE 3364-5.

Carpets taken up and relaid. **Advice and Estimates** *FREE.*

STRATHSPEY

SCOTLAND

THE 700 feet above sea-level.

AVIEMORE HOTEL

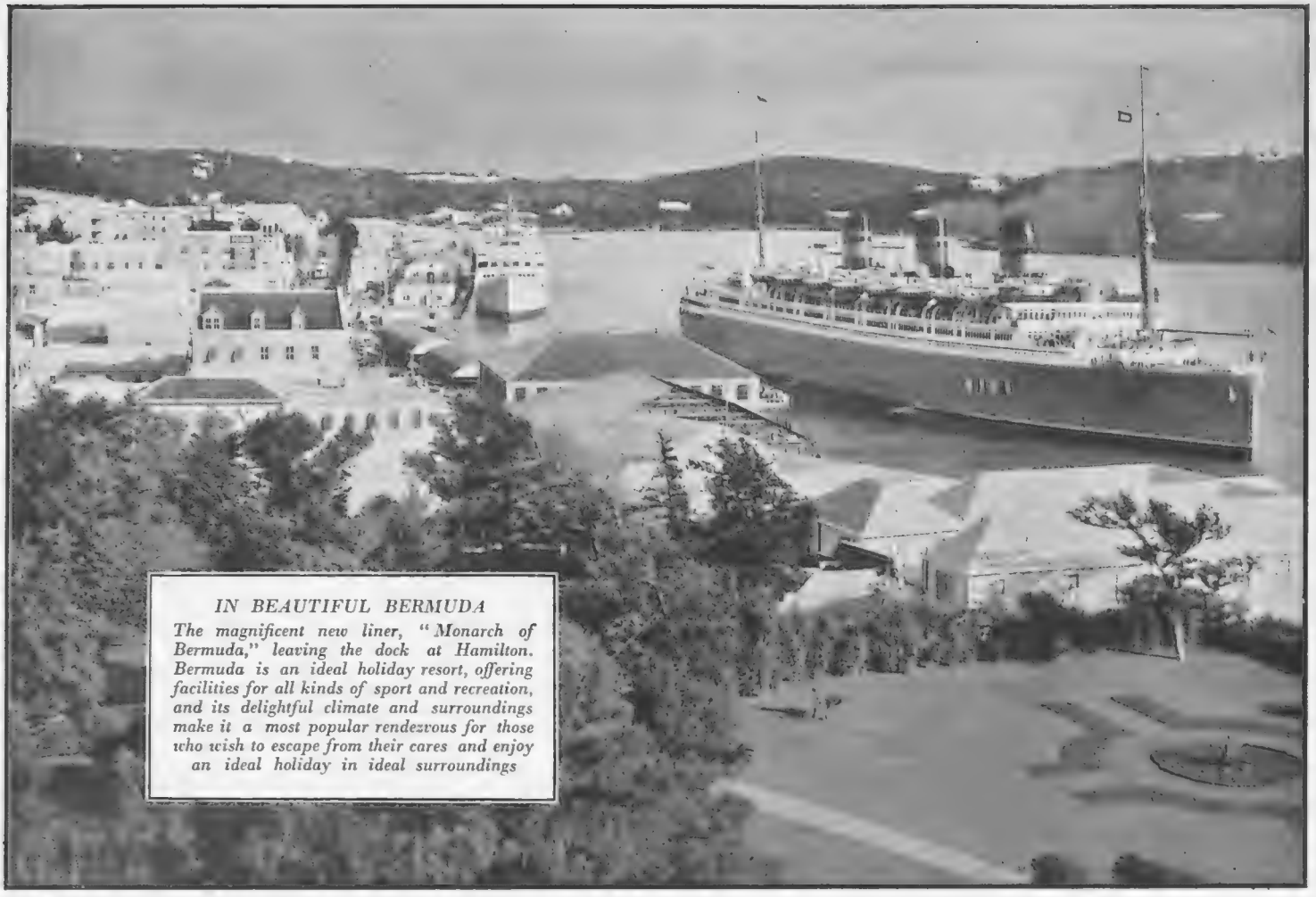
INVERNESS-SHIRE.

Standing high above the River Spey, with a wonderful view of Rothiemurchus Pine Forest and the Cairngorms, the chief heights of the Grampian Mountains. In the centre of a district rich with invigorating, pine-laden air. A charming resort in Spring and Summer, and an ideal touring centre for the Scottish Highlands. One of the best and most completely equipped Hotels in Scotland.

100 BEDROOMS
PRIVATE NINE-HOLE GOLF COURSE.
HARD TENNIS COURTS. CROQUET LAWNS.

Situated on the main reconstructed North Road to Inverness. Distance from Edinburgh 149 miles and from Glasgow 140 miles. Leave Euston 7.30 p.m.—arrive Aviemore 8.45 a.m. without change.

Apply for Booklet and particulars to C. Harrison, Manager.



IN BEAUTIFUL BERMUDA

The magnificent new liner, "Monarch of Bermuda," leaving the dock at Hamilton. Bermuda is an ideal holiday resort, offering facilities for all kinds of sport and recreation, and its delightful climate and surroundings make it a most popular rendezvous for those who wish to escape from their cares and enjoy an ideal holiday in ideal surroundings

The Gentle Art of being Beautiful By "Maquillage"

"FACTS AND FIGURES."

THE ANGLO-GREEK IDEAL. THE PERFECT FIGURE. SLIMMING TABLETS WHICH OBVIATE THE NECESSITY TO DIET AND REJUVENATE AND IMPROVE GENERAL HEALTH.

THE emancipation of woman was followed by emaciation. There may be some psychological significance in this which might be developed at some other time and place—the revolt of woman from all signs and symptoms of the femininity to which she felt that she had been in bondage! But we are, at the moment, only interested in the physical aspect of the case. Definitely the worship of extreme thinness was woman's invention, and she imposed it on the world.

But nothing which is, essentially, a fake can endure. Already there is a return to the tradition that a woman's form should not be devoid of the gentler curves and tender implications of her sex.

The perfect figure is that which completes and complements the frame, and is *right* not only æsthetically, but logically and hygienically. Nothing is uglier than a largely built, "handsome" woman reduced to a scrag, or a small-boned, rounded form abandoned to adipose tissue (to take extreme examples). In both cases discomfort, even ill-health, ensue.

DIETETICS have become a science, and it is acknowledged that a certain percentage of fats, carbo-hydrates, vitamines, etc., must be absorbed gastronomically for the maintenance of health. It is obvious that anyone who "runs to fat" is ill-advised to load their system with fat-making foods; but, beyond reasonable regulation of menus, dietry is an unsatisfactory way of reducing fat, as, if it is drastic enough to achieve its object, it may starve the system and have dire results.

Women have forced doctors to take notice of their æsthetic and psychological needs, and this has brought to their notice the physiological importance of manifestations such as emaciation and obesity. To this fact may be attributed many of the "discoveries" about endocrine glands and their functions. If all the glands are doing their work efficiently, the whole constitution will be healthy and balanced, capable of resistance to age and disease, and the body will be neither too fat nor too thin.

Hence the evolution and application of gland products. Extracts of thyroid have proved useful, but should only be used under medical supervision, because of the varying and individual effect on the heart and the nervous system.

Recently a doctor of wide experience evolved a medicine, which can be taken in tablet form—naturally the ingredients are secret—which counteracts any predisposition to form adipose tissue and reduces all unhealthy fat, thereby improving general health, increasing energy and the sensation and appearance of youth, and sensibly reducing weight. This preparation has been largely and successfully used by his patients, who are what we might describe as "society people." Recognising the medical, psychological, and commercial value of such a prescription, of proved efficacy and guaranteed harmlessness, an enterprising lady has instituted laboratories for the preparation of these slimming tablets on a large scale, and has "put them on the market."

ALREADY the success of the undertaking is assured by the results obtained, and people who have taken the tablets over a period of only a few weeks testify to amazing results—in one case a loss of fourteen pounds in three weeks, without dieting and, what is most important, with an increase of energy and sense of fitness, general well-being, and youthfulness.

The physical improvement of the human race lies in the intelligent application of science and medical knowledge; since our figure as well as our fate is in the hands of the doctors, thank goodness they have at last made the appropriate gesture!

Now Remove Yellow; Whiten Teeth

3 Shades in 3 Days

Now there is no reason why your teeth should be stained, yellow, discoloured or a prey to decay—why your gums should ever be spongy and tender. For science has discovered the way to destroy millions of germs that swarm into the mouth with every breath and attack teeth and gums. It's the way to make teeth gleaming white. It's called the Kolynos Dry-Brush Technique.

Start using this technique—a half-inch of Kolynos on a dry brush. Overnight you will note an improvement. In just 3 days your teeth will look whiter—fully 3 shades whiter. Gums will feel firmer and look healthier. Breath and taste will be clean and sweet.

Kolynos is unique. The very moment it enters the mouth, this highly concentrated dental cream becomes a refreshing FOAM which permits the use of a dry brush, thus making Kolynos 10 times more effective.

This penetrating FOAM gets into and cleans out every tiny pit, fissure and crevice. Kills millions of destructive mouth germs—190 million in the first 15 seconds. Erases tartar and stimulates the gums.

THUS TEETH ARE QUICKLY AND EASILY CLEANED AS THEY SHOULD BE CLEANED—RIGHT DOWN TO THE BEAUTIFUL NAKED WHITE ENAMEL WITHOUT INJURY.

Now if you want sound, dazzling white teeth and firm, coral-pink gums start using the Kolynos Dry-Brush Technique. Buy a tube of Kolynos to-day from your chemist.

KOLYNOS

the antiseptic Dental Cream.

MADE IN ENGLAND

YOUR BED-TIME DUTY

Last thing: rinse out the mouth and gargle the throat with about 15 drops of Liquid Kolynos in a third of a tumbler of water. A delightful antiseptic and deodorizing refresher for a smoke-dried palate, it kills all germs, sterilizes and sweetens every crevice and effectually rids the mouth of stale odours. Get the sprinkler flask to-day. 1/9 of all chemists or post free on receipt of price from Kolynos (Dept, L.B.38), 12, Chenies Street, London, W.C.1.

BY APPOINTMENT

An old Hepplewhite mahogany CHINA CABINET, 6 ft. high, 2 ft. wide.

Recently Published: A Survey of Antique Furniture and Works of Art, in three volumes. Price £1 16 0 the set.

M. HARRIS & SONS

44 to 52, NEW OXFORD ST., W.C.1

ANTIQUE FURNITURE

These Faddists : By Lady Kitty Ritson

I AM inwardly always rather amused at the advice those of us who think we know something about the subject give to amateurs on the way to feed and look after dogs. We do it with the best intentions in the world, and no doubt it is better for beginners to have a certain rule of thumb by which to guide their ways; but I am not certain that our ideas are not often too arbitrary. Naturally, if you have a large kennel, you must do things by rule and rote, so as to make the work easier; but I am not convinced that it necessarily means it is very much better for the dogs. This is rank heresy; but, all the same, it is a point of view which it intrigues me to consider.

TAKE the matter of feeding-time, and the stern rule that food should be given to the dog, and, if it is not finished, it should be removed at once. Granted that you can't have stale food lying about (but, in reality, it is not so much the food as the dish being "stale" that counts), I doubt whether it matters in the very least if the dog eats when it is hungry and not when it isn't. Suppose you offer the dog its food at four o'clock and it doesn't eat it, do you think it will be any the worse if it eats it in the middle of the night? I don't.

Doctors are now very much of the opinion that people should eat what they like when they like, and that a generous appetite should be catered for, provided plenty of exercise is taken. In this case, it is civilisation that demands meals at certain hours; but when you are far away from civilisation you eat at any odd moment, very often voraciously, and you are never the worse for it. Why shouldn't the same rule apply to a dog? If it were running wild, it certainly would not get its food at four o'clock every evening, and when it did get a meal it would gorge itself to repletion and perhaps not hunt again for twenty-four hours. I expect if we and our dogs returned to more primitive ways we should be a great deal the better for it.

DOGS do miss sleep, and a great deal more than they do food. It is a great deal worse for a dog to live in the house, and not get a full night's rest, than to eat its food at irregular hours. Animals seem to need more sleep than we do, and you can soon ruin a dog's health by keeping it awake, as if it were a human being.

Two Gentlemen of France

Mrs. Walpole Harvey's Miniature Poodles, "Meriton Crêpe de Chine" and "Murella." French poodles are regaining popularity, and the miniature is particularly favoured. These dogs are remarkable for their great intelligence

Lectures on Dogs

A SERIES of twelve interesting and instructive lectures on dogs has been arranged by Messrs. Spillers, Ltd., at the nominal fee of 10s. 6d. for the complete series, or 1s. 6d. per single lecture. The services of Miss J. Trefusis Forbes have been specially retained for this purpose. The lectures will take place every Monday, beginning May 9, for a period of twelve weeks, from 6.30-7.30 p.m., at the Ladies' Park Club, 32, Knightsbridge, London, S.W.1. They are equally suitable for those anxious to obtain a knowledge of dog-lore, and for those likewise whose intention it is to take up kennel work as a profession. The lectures will embrace grooming, dietary, disease, etc. Full details may be obtained from Spillers, Ltd., Dog Lecture Dept., 40, St. Mary Axe, London, E.C.3.

Buy Rainwear by Dunlop

This coat is Dunlop model D.L. 904—a coat in which you can defy the vagaries of our so-called "Summer time" weather. No matter how frequent or drenching the showers, this cosy rubberless raincoat will keep you dry, and its mercerised check lining and self-lined sleeves will give you a feeling of freedom of movement, comfort and lightness.

It buttons invisibly, right up to the neck if required, and a neat belt adds to its smartness.

PRICE 63/- (U.K. only)

Obtainable from all stores and ladies' outfitters including:

Debenham & Freebody (Debenhams Ltd.)

WIGMORE STREET, W.1

C.F.H.

2G/27

IT DOES FAR MORE THAN CLEANSE — IT PROTECTS HEALTH BY KILLING GERMS

WRIGHT'S COAL TAR SOAP

The Double-Purpose Soap

6d. per tablet.

checks disease germs sore throats tonsilitis dental decay halitosis

Gargle daily with

Odol

MOUTH WASH

FLASKS - 6°· 1/6 · 2/6 · 3/6 · 5/6

CRANBUX · LIMITED · NORWICH

Garland. B.

Lost 53 Pounds Fat

Took 14 inches off Hips, 12 inches off Bust; No Drastic Dieting; No Dangerous Drugs

If you are fat and want to reduce, whose advice is worth most? Not that of skinny folk who have never had an ounce of spare flesh on their bones. And certainly not that of fat folk who are still gaining weight. The person most qualified to speak is anyone who has been fat and had the joyous satisfaction of watching the surplus poundage disappear month by month—who has thrilled to see the coarse lines of fat being gradually replaced by the trim, slim figure of youth. Below is a letter from a woman who has recently succeeded in casting off 53 unwanted pounds. Gather round, all you overweight women: come right up close and listen to what she has to say:—

"Before the end of last September I had been troubled with indigestion and the blood used to rush into my head and neck. When I went to my doctor he told me I was stout for my height and the blood could not function properly, so he advised me to reduce. I am 5 ft. 2 ins. tall and I started taking your Kruschen Salts at the beginning of last October. I was then 14 stone in weight and am now 10 stone 3 lbs. Before taking Kruschen I was 54 ins. round the hips, and am now 40 ins. I was 42 ins. round the bust, and am now only 30 ins. I have not starved myself in any way. I never eat white bread and I don't take any sugar."

2nd April, 1932. Mrs. J.A.K., Yorks.

Kruschen, gently but surely, rids the system of all fat-forming food refuse, of all poisons and harmful acids, which give rise to rheumatism, digestive disorders, and many other ills. You will find that Kruschen builds up remarkable new strength and energy while you are training yourself down to a point of normal weight.

Get a 1/9 bottle of Kruschen Salts from your chemist's and take half a teaspoonful in a glass of hot water every morning.

Table Tells How Much Women and Girls Should Weigh

Ladies: At Your Height and Age This Table Tells What You should Weigh in lbs. in Indoor Clothes and Shoes.

Age	5 ft.	5-1	5-2	5-3	5-4	5-5	5-6	5-7	5-8	5-9	5-10
26	118	120	122	125	128	131	135	139	143	147	151
28	119	121	123	126	130	133	137	141	145	149	153
30	120	122	124	127	131	134	138	142	146	150	154
32	121	123	125	128	132	136	140	144	148	152	155
34	123	125	127	130	134	138	142	146	150	154	157
36	124	126	128	131	135	139	143	147	151	155	158
38	125	127	130	133	137	141	145	149	153	157	160
40	127	129	132	135	138	142	146	150	154	158	161
42	128	130	133	136	139	143	147	151	155	159	162
44	130	132	135	138	141	145	149	153	157	161	164
46	131	133	136	139	142	146	151	155	159	163	167
48	132	134	137	140	143	147	152	156	160	164	168
50	133	135	138	141	144	148	153	157	162	166	170

SPORTING PRINTS

The value to-day of old sporting prints is a matter of common knowledge. He is a wise collector who takes the opportunity to acquire, before they are exhausted, copies of the limited editions of prints after LIONEL EDWARDS, GILBERT HOLIDAY, IVESTER LLOYD, FRANK H. MASON, and other famous sporting artists of the present day.

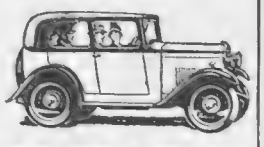
Prices from One Guinea.

Particulars on application, but a personal visit is recommended

THE SPORTING GALLERY, 32, King Street, Covent Garden, LONDON, W.C.2

UNIQUE / PROVED //

Not only does this unique Triumph Super Seven 4-door Pillarless Saloon give the ease of entry of a large car but the interior is also surprisingly roomy—price £157 10s. Other models from £140. Write for details.



TRIUMPH

Lucas electrical equipment and Dunlop tyres standard.

Triumph Motor Company, Limited, Coventry. London: 218, Gt. Portland Street, W. 1.

Smile! Well, who wouldn't?

Spillers "Shapes" make every dog happy . . . and keep him fit.

Spillers SHAPES

Get your dog "Shapes"—those crunchy, irresistible little biscuits in four shapes and four different natural flavours—Wheatmeal, Super, Fruit and Ginger.

In Packets and Bags, 5d. and 1/-, and in larger sizes. Also loose by the pound.

SPILLERS LIMITED, JACOB STREET, LONDON, S.E.1

THE SUNTRAP ON THE SUSSEX SHORE

Ideal Conditions. Continental Liberty.

Illuminated covered Tennis Courts, dancing, billiards, bridge, etc.; 100 bedrooms with private bathrooms, central heating. Terms about half usually charged elsewhere.—Apply Manager, The New City, Bognor Regis.

POST US YOUR SNAPS "FOR BETTER RESULTS"

RETURNED TO-MORROW

lowest prices – finest quality

WALLACE HEATON LTD.

119, NEW BOND ST., LONDON, W.1

SUNSHINE. SUNSHINE. SUNSHINE.

TANGIER

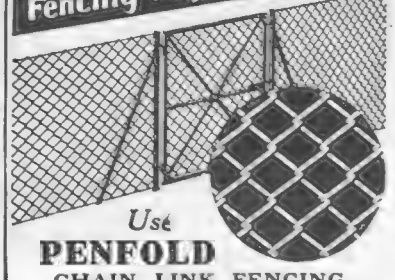
The Ideal Winter and Summer Resort

NEVER TOO HOT. NEVER TOO COLD.

Unforgettable feast of "EL MOULOUD" about the 23rd and 24th July.

All information: Official Tourist Office, Tangier.

For Your Fencing requirements



Use

PENFOLD

CHAIN LINK FENCING.

Write for Catalogue "G"

Penfold Fencing Ltd. Watford. Herts.

The Gourmet: Conducted by Emilia

LUNCHEON

Hors d'Œuvres Variés
Salade à l'Americaine
Crabe à la Flamande
Béchamel Sauce
Madras Curry
Pouding Glacé à la Vanille
Café

Hors d'Œuvres Variés (Salade à l'Americaine)

Cut a freshly gathered cabbage into the thinnest possible shreds, season well with salt, black pepper, tarragon vinegar, a teaspoonful of Worcester sauce, some finely chopped onion, and a tablespoonful of salad oil. Mix all well together, and garnish with slices of hard-boiled eggs, strips of ham or tongue, some capers, and sprinkle it with a little chopped chervil.

Crabe à la Flamande

Chop finely two small onions, fry them in an ounce of butter, without browning, and add a gill of fairly thick Béchamel sauce. When boiling, add about a pound of pickled crab-meat, blend well, and season highly, and put away to get cold. Then stuff the crab-shells with this, sprinkle the surface with fine bread-crumbs and melted butter, and bake in the oven.

Béchamel Sauce

Half-a-pint of milk boiled with a little mace, half a shallot, and a few peppercorns; add two ounces of flour, which has been heated, with two ounces of butter; stir till it boils. Add pepper and salt and a little cream.

Madras Curry

Cut into slices two small onions, and fry in butter till a light golden colour. Mix a tablespoonful of curry-powder with a dessert-spoonful of flour in the pan with the onions until quite smooth; add a breakfast-cupful of good stock. Cut up 1 lb. of fresh meat or chicken into pieces an inch in size. Put them into the pan with the curry, and let them simmer very gently for an hour, stirring into the sauce a tablespoonful of desiccated coconut and a little chutney. Before serving, squeeze in the juice of a lemon.

Pouding Glacé à la Vanille

Mix one quart of vanilla ice-cream with one gill of wine, ¼ lb. of grapes, 2 ozs. of candied orange peel, chopped fine, and ½ pint of whipped cream. Place in the freezer to harden, and serve.

THE VERDICT (continued from page 283)

time he reached it P.C. Wilson was hammering at the door, breaking it in. What was easier than to hide for a moment in one of the doorways on that first landing, and to slip quietly into the street; or, more simple still, to join the crowd that a moment later swarmed up that stair?" Once more he paused, and then almost abruptly he concluded:

"There is the way that death could have been brought about, gentlemen. There is the way, by all the evidence, it was brought about."

Abruptly, with none of the usual appeals, he sank into his seat, and Murgatroyd, leaning across to Watson, whispered, "By Gad, he 's done it again, in the teeth of the evidence."

And it was so. Sir William's dry and hostile summing up was scarcely listened to. The jury retired, but even before the ticking minutes began to drag they were back in court. One and all were convinced, and only the very self-controlled were asking, "How did he know?" The "Not guilty," of the foreman, that same scrubby little sceptic who had been the advocate's principal objective, was greeted with cheers.

Even as they rang out the great counsel fell sideways in his seat. The strain had been too much, and he was borne from the court, scarcely conscious, to his own home. Late that night Sir Nicholas Redfern left the bedside, pondering the last words he had heard from his old friend and rival—words which shook him to the foundations with doubt and suspicion: words which were to be the last the advocate would ever utter. "The dead man, Nick—he was my brother Walter. He 'd been blackmailing me for years."

"Gad!" muttered Sir Nicholas, "was that how he knew?"

But the same night Yvonne gave a party. It was a cheerful party, with lots of champagne. And about two a.m., when discretion had fled horrified, Yvonne answered a question from a friend. "Of course, I shot him. The blighter had five hundred he 'd just collected. He showed it to me."

"Where is it?" asked the friend.

Yvonne winked.

J. G.

THE EDITOR'S BOX

Hints for Anglers

Disciples of Isaak Walton will find in the Supplement to Hardy's Anglers' Guide much interesting information to those who like to pursue their favourite sport—even when travelling abroad. Included in this booklet is an article on salmon and trout fishing in Spain, with hints to officers at or proceeding to Gibraltar, and the rivers within easy reach where good fishing may be found—it is noted that salmon rise well to the ordinary English flies. Again, useful data are given on fishing in Kenya Colony, in which the Hon. Sec. of the Kenya Angling Association reminds us that, although trout were first introduced in 1905, it was not until 1919 that the formation of the Kenya Angling Association gave stimulus to these efforts. To-day, there are no less than 2000 miles of water stocked with Brown and Rainbow Trout.

Ancient and Modern

The Priest's House at Prestbury, which is reputed to be the oldest house in Cheshire. A pleasing contrast is afforded by the 1932 A.J.S. Nine Saloon, seen in the foreground. This excellent model is one of the most modern of light cars

In Sunny Estoril

Two original dishes, from a certain region of Portugal, served at a luncheon on the Estoril beach, where the lovely sunny weather and warm breezes make alfresco meals a real delight for visitors to this part of Portugal

Follow the Swallows—to Ulster

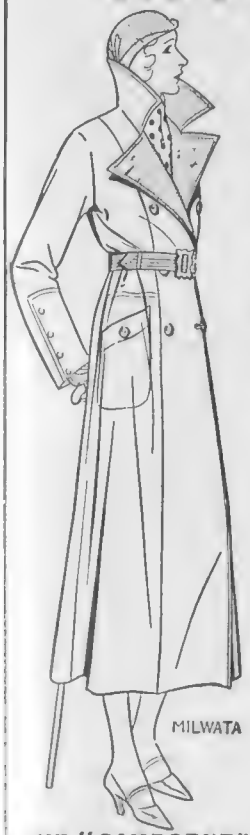
The question of holidays and where to go to spend them pleasantly is foremost in the mind of the majority. To assist in arriving at a decision the Ulster Tourist Development Association, Belfast, have just circulated an illustrated Guide (complete with index and a map) devoted to Ulster, confident in the fact that, after studying its pages, the traveller will decide to visit a country noted for hospitality and famed for beauty. It may not be generally known that Ulster is part of Great Britain, and consequently there are no restrictions regarding Customs while travelling in Northern Ireland or on entry from Great Britain. Belfast, being the chief port, has steamship services with Ardrossan, Glasgow, Heysham and Liverpool, and (via Larne) to Stranraer, and is therefore a point of arrival for all who visit the North, either for reason of business or pleasure. It is served by three railway companies and a daily increasing service of buses, so that any part of the province can be reached with ease and speed. From a scenic standpoint, Ulster is exceedingly beautiful, and anyone who is doubtful where to go for the holiday should send for a copy of this delightful book.

"MILWATA" REGD.

BRITISH MADE WEATHERPROOFS

GUARANTEED WATERPROOF FOR TWO YEARS ARE

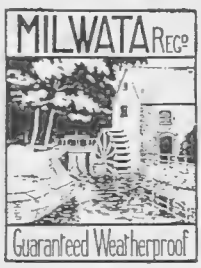
THE SMARTEST AND MOST RELIABLE IN THE WORLD



Supplied by all the leading Outfitters in every Town, for Men and Women, in Indianas and Double Textures from **12/11**

THE "CAMBORNE."—Sizes from 42" to 50" Man-tailored in a semi-fitting shape. An excellent design trimmed with contrasting colours on the collar, revers, facings, cuffs, etc. One of the smartest models for slender figures for 1932 **32/9**

Owing to many inferior imitations of these coats on the Market, insist on seeing the 'MILWATA' trade mark on the labels and tickets.



THE "CAMBORNE" *Wholesale only:—*

H. E. MILLS, Ltd. "Milwata House," 18 WELLS ST., LONDON, W.1

'Phone No.: Museum 1326 (2 lines)

HARVEY NICHOLS

A beautifully made Combinaire for day or evening, in pale pink or peach broché, with panels of firm surgical elastic. The moulded brassière-top is of needlerun lace lined with net. This combinaire is cleverly designed to stress the new higher waist-line while keeping perfect control over the diaphragm. Bust measurements 34-40 ins.

4 gns.

HARVEY NICHOLS & CO., LTD, KNIGHTSBRIDGE, S.W.1.

The Advantages of Shopping at Debenhams

* * *

II.—VALUE based on QUALITY.

It is sometimes assumed, though quite erroneously, that a shop with a name for exclusiveness is necessarily expensive

At Debenhams, indeed, the values are exceptional; yet a visit will prove that exclusiveness need not, and does not, cost any more

* * *

The great resources of the House in the buying of materials and the making-up of its own specialities are a full assurance of a quality which is unvarying and a value that is exceptional

New BLOUSES & COATS

Lace of a particularly soft finish, giving the effect of peau d'ange, is used for this blouse, with its cowl neck and snug-fitting hip line. In ivory, beige and pink

49/6

Corduroy velveteen is used for this well-fitting coat, cut on practical lines, two useful pockets, and belted at waist. In black, ivory, blue, nigger and beige

59/6

SENT ON APPROVAL.

FOR VISITORS:
WILLIAM AND MARY RESTAURANT.

Debenham & Freebody

WIGMORE STREET, W.1. (*Debenhams Ltd.*)

PETER ROBINSON

Examples from a comprehensive stock of Raincoats

637 (*at left*). Reliable Oiled Silk Coat, amply cut and suitable to wear on all occasions. In yellow, green, blue, red, brown or black. Sizes to suit all figures. 32/6

638. Light-weight Showerproof Dust-Coat of "Pelrane" material (Yarn-dyed Mercerised Cotton). Lined throughout with self material and finished with smart adaptable collar. In brown, blue, beige, black or grey piped with contrasting colour. Sizes: S.W., W. and O.S. 73/6

CATALOGUE of SUMMER FASHIONS sent on request.

PETER ROBINSON, LTD. Oxford Street and Regent Street, W.1.

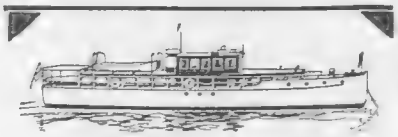
Scarborough rightly claims to be the most complete of Britain's Holiday Resorts. She has charm for young and old. She is gay yet quiet . . . a riot of fun . . . a haven of rest. Her natural beauty with its imposing grandeur . . . her vast acreage of floral splendour and the peaceful relics of early history invite you.

Scarborough offers every form of recreation—many you'll never dream of until you visit her.

This 100-page Booklet superbly illustrated containing lists of holiday accommodation, special events, etc. (post free) from Dept 58 Town Hall, Scarborough, or any L.N.E.R. Agency.

TRAVEL BY RAIL AT A PENNY A MILE

FAMOUS ORCHESTRAS
BEAUTIFUL GARDENS
GLORIOUS BATHING IN SEA AND POOL
BOATING
FISHING
TENNIS
GOLF
BOWLS
DANCING
PICTURESQUE COUNTRY



ENJOY YOUR LEISURE HOURS AFLOAT IN YOUR OWN LITTLE VESSEL

KELVIN COMPLETE MOTOR LAUNCHES obtainable from stock in great variety. 35 standard models in range.

KELVIN MARINE ENGINES suit all manner of craft, from the 15-ft. runabout to the 400-ton auxiliary sailing yacht.

OVER 250,000 H.P. IN SERVICE.

Catalogues and full details from

THE BERGIUS COMPANY LTD.,
Dobbie's Loan - Glasgow

Telegrams: "BERGIUS," GLASGOW.

Nina Hampton

Sagging Facial Muscles and Dry, Wrinkled Skins

find little improvement from mere massage, owing to the foundation muscles being left untouched.

MUSCLE MANIPULATION & ELECTRIC TREATMENT

given personally in strict privacy by NINA HAMPTON, produces remarkable results, even in aged and extreme cases.

Single Treatment, 10/6. Course of Twelve, 4 guineas.

Free Booklet on Application.

35, SACKVILLE ST., PICCADILLY. Regent 4567.

DELICIOUS COFFEE

Manufactured in England.

RED WHITE & BLUE

For Breakfast & after Dinner

Stimulating, Refreshing.

Prevents Fatigue.

RECOMMENDED BY DOCTORS.

THE most perfect hairdressing is vital for your presentation. Our experts, trained by many years' experience, are at your service for your Court Coiffure and the correct attachment of your veil and feathers.

Court veils and feathers of official sizes.
Exclusive service for every lady.

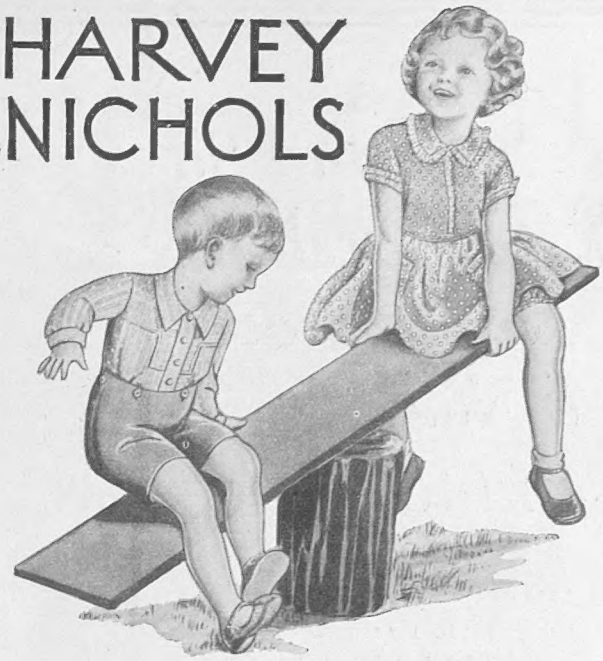
PERMANENT WAVING AND CURLING, POSTICHE, HAIR TINTING

EMILE LTD.

'Phone: Mayfair 6263 (3 lines). Telegrams: "Ondulateur, Piccy, London."

24 & 25 CONDUIT STREET, W.1.

HARVEY NICHOLS



PLAY CLOTHES THAT WEAR AND WEAR AND WASH AND WASH!

A smart Buster Suit with knickers of brown or saxe-blue linen, and a well-cut blouse of écru Tobralco. Size O **18/6**
(Size 1, 21/6 ; Size 2, 24/6)

And a very charming Frock-and-Knicker Set of Tobralco, trimmed with the tiniest frills of organdie. Pink or blue. Sizes 18—26 ins. **18/6**

HARVEY NICHOLS & CO., LTD., KNIGHTSBRIDGE, S.W.1.

HOW TO DRESS WELL ON 10/- OR £1 PER MONTH.

Open a Credit Account with Smartwear. No Deposit. No References required. We are the only Firm who have no hesitation in extending Credit to new customers, even to those who are not Householders. Visit our Extensive Showrooms or write to Dept. A. 16, for Spring Catalogue of Ladies' Fashions, sent gratis and post free.

SMARTWEAR LTD., 263-271, REGENT STREET, OXFORD CIRCUS, LONDON, W.1. *Mayfair 6241-6.*

HALFORD'S CURRY POWDER

MAKES DELIGHTFUL & DIGESTIBLE DISHES.

Write it with a PERRY

SILVER WONDER

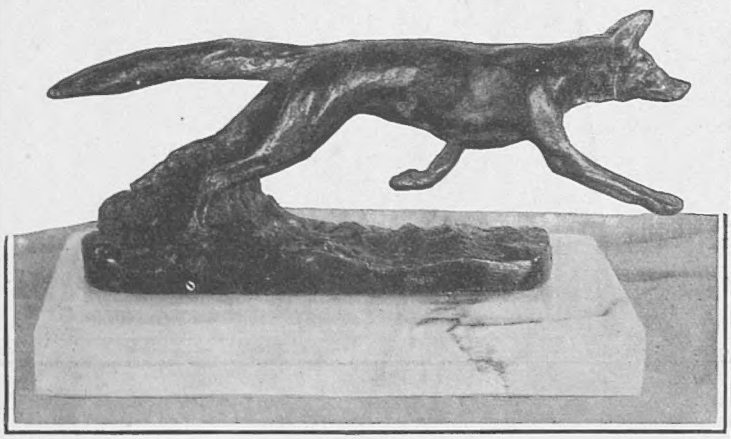
THE WORLD'S SMOOTHEST PEN

A white metal non-corrosive pen with turned-up stub point. Those preferring a fine pointed nib should try the **ST. STEPHEN'S PEN**

FREE SAMPLE on request

All Stationers, either pen, 6d. a box.

PERRY & CO. LTD.
The Century Old Penmakers,
(Dept. B), 49, OLD BAILEY, LONDON



"CHARLES"

Bronze by
T. IVESTOR LLOYD

This admirable study of a running fox is mounted on an onyx plinth, grooved on either side to receive pens, pencils, etc. It can also be obtained on a shortened base, silver-plated, for mounting on radiator cap as a car mascot.

Price **6½ gns.** ; on plain marble plinth, **6 gns.**

This is one of many sporting bronzes to be seen at the Sporting Gallery, where an exclusive display of gifts for sportsmen can be seen.

Exhibitions of recent pictures by Lionel Edwards, R.I., and Ernest H. Shepard are also on view at the present time.

THE SPORTING GALLERY,
32, King Street, Covent Garden, LONDON, W.C.2

BREAST SUPPORTER

Invaluable for all purposes.

BEWARE OF HARMFUL SUBSTITUTES, which neither give support, uplift, nor fit. The illustration shows left breast supported and right unsupported. Only **JOUJOU BREAST SUPPORTER** gives this correct improvement: must be worn day and night. **GUARDS** against **CANCER, TUMOUR, MASTITIS,** and relieves **PAIN** immediately.

ALSO A NEW INVENTION FOR AMPUTATION

Joujou Breast Supporter with Pad.
Prices on application.
Trade Mark. Regd. Design. Copyright Reserved.

JOUJOU CORSETS, BELTS AND MATERNITY BELTS
Prices on Application.

WITHOUT & WITH

Pink Silk or Net, detachable straps, from **47/6**

Loose breasts or maternity, **32/6**
White material.

For drooping heavy figures, **38/6**

Please state Bust and Underbust measurements.

White fine material, **15/6**

Small figures only. Waterproof or rubber, from **25/6**

HOSIERY, BATHING COSTUMES, ETC.
Various prices for one's requirements and taste.

Orders guaranteed immediately executed by return post. Free illustrated Circular.

If not satisfactory, money refunded in U.K. only on receipt of goods by return post. Personal fitting when calling, or send your order.

Post free only in U.K. *Obtainable only from—*

"JOUJOU" Co. 1152 Dept. B. 334
32, BAKER STREET, LONDON, W.1.
Telephone - - - **WELBECK 1249**

MARSHALL & SNELGROVE

. . . . and So to Marshall & Snelgroves for a New Ensemble

ENSEMBLES are quite the vogue and to be smart each Frock must now have a Coat of its own. Smart women go to Marshall & Snelgrove's for the newest interpretations of the Ensemble mode because here it may be seen in every variation. Prices, too, in harmony with present-day requirements, are maintained at strictly moderate levels. As an instance of this, the Models sketched herewith are striking examples.

"KARYL"

"KARYL"

An exclusive Dress and Coat of Silk Marocain displaying to advantage the new silhouette. The bodice and skirt yoke is made of printed Crêpe-de-Chine. In black, beige, green and the season's blues.

Price for Coat and Dress complete

8½ GUINEAS

Larger fittings **21/-** *extra.*

"ANN"

A smart Ensemble. The printed Silk Dress is finished with a Cowl neck. The Coat is perfectly tailored in self colours. In all season's colours. Two sizes.

Price for Coat and Dress complete

7 GUINEAS

Large fittings **21/-** *extra.*

SENT ON APPROVAL

DISPLAYED IN THE READY-TO-WEAR SECTION ADJACENT TO THE MODEL GOWN SALON: FIRST FLOOR

"ANN"

MARSHALL & SNELGROVE

VERE STREET AND OXFORD STREET

W1

Debenhams Ltd.

Telephone: MAYfair 6600

MEDITERRANEAN & NORWAY cruises

ARANDORA STAR

THE WORLD'S FINEST CRUISING LINER

NO other Liner afloat can offer you such charm and comfort. Silent Card Room, Beautiful Public Rooms, delightful Ballroom, Verandah Café, charming Staterooms, exquisite Louis XIV Restaurant, Open Air Tiled Swimming Bath, Gymnasium, silent Sun-Decks away from games.

PERFECT CUISINE AND SERVICE

MEDITERRANEAN CRUISE

MAY 21 — 18 DAYS — FROM 28 GNS.
To Lisbon, Tangier, Casablanca, Las Palmas, Teneriffe, Madeira, San Sebastian (for Biarritz).

NORWAY & NORTHERN CAPITALS

JUNE 11 — 13 DAYS — FROM 20 GNS.
To Norwegian Fjords and Bergen.

JUNE 25 — 13 DAYS — FROM 20 GNS.
To Norwegian Fjords and Northern Capitals.

From 32/6 PER DAY

Apply for all the year Cruising Brochure

BLUE STAR LINE

3, LOWER REGENT STREET, LONDON, S.W.1.

(Whitehall 2266). Liverpool: 10, Water Street and Principal Agencies.

CVS—114

THIS YEAR

give yourself the

HOLIDAY of your LIFE!

THIS world-famous hotel, ideally situated in its own 25-acre grounds, grows more popular every year. Consider its unequalled amenities—
The most up-to-date Sun Lounge in Europe! A sporting miniature golf course! A covered swimming pool! A magnificently appointed gymnasium! A sports hall for squash and badminton! Tennis courts, croquet lawn, bowling green! 100-car capacity service garage! The finest ballroom outside London (dancing nightly), cinema, entertainments! Bedrooms with private bathrooms; luxurious suites if desired.

Send to-day for fully illustrated brochure.
Note: Terms are absolutely inclusive—no extras.

PALACE HOTEL TORQUAY

TELEPHONE - TORQUAY 2271

The Charm of Bachelors

TRY THESE DELIGHTFUL CORK-TIPPED CIGARETTES MADE BY PLAYER'S FROM FINEST VIRGINIA TOBACCO

In Dainty Red Boxes
10 for 6d 20 for 1/-

BA 79

Issued by The Imperial Tobacco Company (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd.

Extract from the Diary of Sir Edward (5th Baronet)

A gentleman's occupation

June, 1833:—"Tho Greville[1] has been completely absorbed wth ye book he made on ye Derby, I doubt whether he really finds in turf matters ye same genuine pleasure that Ld G[2] and his other friends enjoy. In fact, Greville once confided in me that he wd never again engage in racing interests were it not for hope of financial gain.

I do not know how his fortunes have been over this last book of his. But his own horse[3] was well beaten, and I hear there was some considerable money placed pon Dangerous.[4] Tis like that he is no more benefited by ye race than I."

1. The famous Charles Greville 1794-1865
2. Lord George Bentinck, cousin of Charles Greville.
3. The Whale. Second favourite in the Derby of 1833, but unplaced in the race.
4. Owned by Mr. Isaac Sadler. Winner of the 1833 Derby, at 25 to 1.

Lady Angela: "But I thought Charles Greville moved in the best social circles of his day. Wasn't he a nephew of the Duke of Portland?"

Sir Edward: "He was, my dear. Why the perplexity?"

Lady Angela: "Well, the diary says that he made a book on the Derby. Surely a man of his standing wouldn't have done that."

Sir Edward: "Apparently he did."

Lady Angela: "I thought the bookies of those days were—well, rough diamonds, to say the least."

Sir Edward: "That's the curious part of it. Most of the regular bookies *were* rough diamonds, but the records show that many of the leading sportsmen also made books now and then. Lord George Bentinck, for instance, made one quite often."

Lady Angela: "And no one thought any the worse of them for doing it?"

Sir Edward: "Certainly not. They took the sensible view. If a gentleman did it—alors, it was a gentleman's occupation."

Lady Angela: "I see. Then 'Duggie' is really carrying on a tradition."

DOUGLAS STUART, STUART HOUSE, LONDON, W.C.2

Printed for the Proprietors, Illustrated Newspapers Limited, by The Illustrated London News and Sketch, Limited, Milford Lane, Strand, London, W.C.2, and published weekly by Illustrated Newspapers Limited, at 346, Strand, London, W.C.2. May 11, 1932.
Entered as second class mail matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office. American Agents: International News Company, New York.
Sole Agents for South Africa: Central News Agency, Limited.